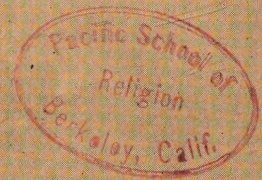


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The American Missionary

Official Organ of the Congregational Missionary Societies for the Home Field

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The Christian God

THERE are many elements in our thought of God, and to one man one characteristic is predominant, and to another, another. What makes God real to you? Is it his power and majesty? Do you come closest to him when your ears are filled with the roar of Niagara, and your gaze fascinated by the gliding waters which slip so swiftly over the edge of the precipice and fall crashing below? Do you realize him best when you stand all alone on a starry night and look up into the heavens filled with countless stars, and remember that some of them are planets, and some are suns, and all are being whirled through space by some hidden power, and all are subject to unvarying law? That is part of the conception of the Christian God—he is a God of majesty and power and order.

Or perhaps you come nearest to God when you think of the thick veil of mystery which enshrouds his relationship to men. Whence is man? Whence is the world about him? Why are they both? Whither going? We try to solve the riddle but, do the best we can, mystery is all about us. Do you find yourself closest to God when you think of these things? Mystery, too, is an element in the Christian conception of God.

Or are you one of those who find in God's righteousness the best point of contact with him? Is it when you are pleading the cause of the widow and the fatherless, when you are assisting in the enforcement of righteous laws, that you feel most keenly your kinship with God? The Christian view of God could not dispense with his righteousness.

But what is the predominant thing in the Christian thought of God? You know what it is. It is love. God is not simply a ruler but a father, not merely creator, but affectionate and paternal preserver and helper. Take that out of the Christian view and it is Christian no longer.

Were not all these things present in the Jewish view of God? The Old Testament scriptures picture him as a God of power and majesty. "Where wast thou," he asked of Job out of the whirlwind, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Whercupon are the foundations

thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

He was a God of mystery. He spoke to Moses from the burning bush, which burned and burned and still was not consumed. He was heard by Elijah in a still small voice, which came after the wind and the fire and the earthquake. Clouds and thick darkness were round about him on the mount of the commandments. Likewise was he a God of righteousness insisting, by the mouth of his prophets, on honesty and integrity among men. "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" And he was a God of love. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; for he knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust."

If, then, all these different features are to be found in the Jewish view of God as set forth in the Old Testament, why do we call them parts of the Christian view of God? Why not give credit where credit is due and say we believe in the Jewish God? If we did that, we should be leaving out of consideration one of the most important elements in the Christian conception of God, the illumination which comes to men when they see God present before their eyes in the person of Jesus Christ. In his loving purpose, in his tenderness and mercy, in his purity; above all, in his sacrifice of himself for others, men have found a concrete representation of God which has made him so vivid in their experience that it has had the effect of a new revelation.

Herein is the uniqueness of Jesus, not that he taught men about God—the prophets had done that before him—but that he lived such a life that his disciples, who knew him best, saw in him the Anointed One, heard in his voice the voice of God, looked into his face and found it the face of God. Herein is the uniqueness of Jesus, that in all the centuries since he lived, men have trusted in him for salvation and have been saved. Their sins have been cast off; they have come forth new, equipped with new moral purposes, their lives changed, renovated, invigorated. The Christian view of God centers about Jesus Christ.

What Price Peace?

By REV. CARL S. WEIST

"HAVE you seen the play 'What Price Glory'?" I asked a young aviator who had been an ace in France.

"I should like to take my wife to see it," he answered, "but I have been afraid to do so. I hear it is too horrible to see. It is so much like war."

He was right. He had seen war. He knew. War is too horrible to see, too terrible for women to look upon. I wondered. May not the secret of our indifference as a nation to the advent of peace, lie in his answer? We have not really seen war. We have not been able to sense the horror of it, because, as the little girl who fell out of bed remarked to her mother, we went to sleep too near the place we got in.

Somehow, I believe it would waken us from our long and sound sleep if every American could spend an evening with that play which depicts things as they were. Let them hear the cries of the wounded German, hanging helplessly in a tree, calling piteously, "Kamerad, Kamerad," to his brother-enemies. Let them see the bleeding and broken men after the futile fight for an insignificant railway station. Let them look upon the dark and dreadful immorality which always trails the bloody monster, war.

"It will discourage enlistment," said military officers, after they had seen the play. True. War always discourages enlistment. Most of our boys who really saw the hell of it are done with war. It is we who have not seen nor experienced, who wholly or partially believe in war. That is why, I insist, if every American could see war as it is, we should not long be so truly characterized by Mr. H. G. Wells in those trenchant words: "The average American believes in peace, but feels under no passionate urgency to organize it."

War is too horrible to see. But it was not too horrible for us to send our boys to see. Can you visualize how many of them were murdered? Stand with your imagination and watch them go by. Twenty abreast, marching from daybreak to sundown, it would take the British ten days to pass, the French, eleven, Russia, thirty-five days, eighty-five days for the enemies of the Allies, in all four and one-half months, twenty abreast, marching from daybreak till sundown, boys who loved life even as you and I,—the phantom army of our stupid folly.

Not long ago a soldier came to my study, selling "The Great Events of the Great War." The set is beautifully and artistically done. After he had explained the books to me, he said, "You were a soldier. Let me show you the supplement, which could not be bound with the other material." They made my blood run cold, the pictures in that supplement: boys rotting in the mud, bodies torn to pieces lying about in the grewsome debris, ghastly, upturned faces, mutilated sons of broken mothers—dead heroes all. Can it be, I asked myself, that we have bound up the wrong pictures?

War is too horrible to print. It was not too horrible to experience. Visit one of our government hospitals or asylums and see "the men who did most of the

dying." Marion Hassfield visited one. She writes:

"Then I noticed men coming towards us from the orchard. In front were two who had on officials' caps. Fifty men or more, I judged in the second before I lowered my eyes, and I saw, too, that they were all young. We stepped to the edge of the road as they passed. My heart went down with the embarrassment that one feels in the presence of the insane and criminals, but I felt shame and guilt besides. I had knitted socks, and now I walked free where I would. These men had faced hell; now they walked in droves guarded."

The difference between knitting socks and lying wounded under a burning sun represents well the difference between "passionate urgency to organize peace" and deadly indifference. And so the thought has often come, that it was a great mistake we did not organize a regiment of all our Senators and Representatives. We should have taken them to the front line trenches; let them lie in the stench and the mud, with rain falling upon them and cooties crawling over them; at the zero hour, ordered them over the top into a storm of shells, bullets and gas; and let them wallow in the mud of no-man's land with arms and legs shot away and only star-shells to illumine their agony. They would have come back to Washington with a new and burning resolve in their hearts. Forgetting low, ignoble partisanship and damning prejudices, they would have cried with a mighty voice, encircling the globe, "War is deepest-dyed hell. War must go." If war discourages enlistment, in Heaven's name, let the whole world look upon it.

What price peace? The price of facing war in all its horrors, and removing its causes at any cost. When we learned that mosquitoes were biting yellow fever germs into their victims, we stopped the plague. When we awoke to the fact that infection comes from the air, we made operations safe. Likewise, when once we learn whence come the germs of the dread plague called war, we shall make the world safe for weak nations to live in. Let us glance at two causes.

One, which is not generally considered a cause, but which more than any other has thrown nation at the throat of nation, is patriotism. By patriotism, I mean that intense loyalty which causes men to follow a flag no matter where it may lead them, the loyalty which urges a man to shout, "Deutschland Über Alles" or "America First." Tennyson has it in "The Charge of the Light Brigade":

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die—
Into the Valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

Ruskin termed it "An absurd prejudice founded on an extended selfishness." And Dean Inge in his Outspoken Essays says it is "An arrest of development in the psychical expansion of an individual, a half-way house between mere self-centeredness and full human sympathy."

Patriotism, an arrest of development? What did the Gloomy Dean mean?

Let us go back to the dawn of history. What was patriotism then? It was as narrow as the cave where man dwelt. When marauders approached, it was man's place to wield the big stick nor reason why. He knew why: he was loyal to his wife and family; there was nothing else to be loyal to. Later he found something. He transferred a bit of his loyalty, and lo, the tribe sprang into existence. What was patriotism then? Blind allegiance to the patriarch as in Hebrew days, or to the liege lord as in days of feudalism. As a result of this narrow loyalty, tribe was pitted against tribe in mortal combat.

Turn another page, and patriotism has been extended. Now it is allegiance to a city-state, a combination of tribes. Patriotism has become utter loyalty to Florence against Milan, or Milan against Genoa. It is willingness to die for Venice in her feuds with Florence. Patriots, in that day, were writing long treatises vindicating their position in placing Venice above all other city-states, and their action in giving all for her. But you see the difficulty: patriotism was too limited; it wasn't big enough to bring peace; indeed its narrowness was actually the cause of war.

But mark what happened. The allegiance of the city-states was transferred to Italy; and lo, a nation, a combination of states came into being. Once more patriotism expanded itself; but still there was war. There were other combinations of smaller states—Germany, France, England, Russia, and the United States of America. What was patriotism then? Utter loyalty to the new unit, the nation; willingness to die for France in her feuds with Germany, feuds as futile and unnecessary as the feuds of tribes and city-states had been.

And here we are now with our loyalty. Patriotism, today, is the willingness to die for one's country no matter what that country stands for. We are just beginning to see the sinister meaning of such cramped loyalty. We see that patriotism still lacks content; that so long as we are loyally tied to small units as against others, we shall have wars and rumors of wars.

What shall we do? What is the next step? When I put this question to five hundred sixth graders in a Mount Vernon school, they replied, as with one voice, "the world." It was so logical, they could not resist it. He who runs may see that we are at a dangerous half-way house in progress, a house in which prejudices and national pride are fomented. There is one step for us to take; that step is "the world."

Do you catch what it will mean when our patriotism reaches out to other nations? Patriotism will not be giving up anything; it will be taking on something. It will not be giving up our national loyalty; it will be subordinating that loyalty to the well-being of the whole. It will mean loyalty to Germany, yes, loyalty to England, yes, loyalty to America, yes,—just as those nations serve the world and take their rightful places in it. A larger patriotism is the price of peace.

But there is another cause we must remove: dependence upon physical force as the final arbiter between nations. Force at best is negative. It has

swift limits. It can arrest but it cannot stop. Instead of curing, it actually engenders that which it seeks to overcome. Force cannot conquer hate: it arouses it. It cannot smother an idea; it inflames it.

The greatest indictment of force is that it hasn't worked. It doesn't stand the pragmatic test. Instead of causing nations to cease fearing, it has lashed them into a fury of madness. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Force makes the nations mad. Witness the embattled nations of Europe. All have been armed to the last buckle; all have been seeking security in armaments; and where is their security or peace?

Instead of peace there is a pendulum of hate hanging over Europe today. It has been swinging back and forth. We see it moving in a bloody trail across Germany into Russia when Napoleon swept into Moscow in a murderous march. Germany waited for "Der Tag." It came. She released the pendulum; it swung over Paris and hung there. But not for long. The pendulum of hate is a restless thing. Just recently it swung back into Germany when France took Alsace-Lorraine, and there it hangs suspended high, awaiting its march of blood and agony.

How shall we stop its hideous sway? With force, with hate, with national prejudice, grasping greed or pride? Not so. There is only one knife that will cut the pendulum of hate, and that is love.

Unless we cut it somehow, the pendulum will soon take up again its steady, rhythmical swing. Poor, bankrupt France, terror-stricken, is building an air-fleet as large as the fleets of other nations put together. The *Lanterne* recently said, "The only guarantee for our security is the army of Foch." And the masses of Germans who, according to Ambassador Gerard, were inspired by fear to enter the Great War, are trembling for their safety and have turned again to one of their greatest war-lords. If we are to believe the reports, they are piling up armaments to match those of their hated enemy. This is the pathos of it: both nations want peace, but both are depending upon force to secure it. Blinded to the lesson of history, they see not how force is playing them false.

What can we do about it? What price peace? The price of eternal vigilance. One thing is sure; we cannot continue to sleep. These three things we can do:—

First. Change our own mind-set and that of our immediate friends. Talk peace instead of war. Think peace. Pray peace. It is astonishing how quickly the mind yields to treatment. It is a law of the universe: we get finally what we want with all our hearts and minds and souls.

Counteract the deadly talk of isolation. England was more isolated from Europe in the thirteenth century than we are today. Remind the selfish isolationist that our boys in France have made us one with the destiny of Europe. "We, Americans, whose sons are here," said Senator Reed at the dedication of our cemeteries in France, "pledge ourselves to stand true to the cause for which they died. Our hearts stay with their bodies in France, and whatever may be the rumors of the day, America will stand faithful to that great cause."

Second. We can see that the larger patriotism be taught to our children. Here, I dare say, lies the secret of the world's peace. We have filled our school books with wars. We have taught our children a martial national song. We have allowed them to chant every day a narrow salute to the flag with its stress upon nationalism. We have thrown a glamour about the heroes of war and set a halo upon their heads.

If we are to have peace, all this must be changed, and every mother who loves her sons should not rest till she has done something about it. We must give our boys and girls a vision of the world. As an aid in attaining this end, I propose a new salute to the flag to be used in our public schools:

I pledge allegiance to my flag,
To the high ideals for which it stands:

One world, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Third. We can discourage every attempt of our government to place its trust in reeking tube or iron shard. We can protest with all our moral might against defense parades that flaunt our military power before a war-cursed Europe. We can let our Congressmen know that we are afraid of a child's war game in the Pacific, because the pistol may be loaded and go off when we are least expecting it. We can petition our government for a Department of Peace that will study and encourage peace as assiduously as our War Department studies and prepares for war. And then, most important of all, let every one who believes in the Gospel of Love, arise to demand that we who believe in peace, act like it, by entering into a federation or court of constructive goodwill with the nations of the world, which in time will make war forever impossible.

Is this too great a price?

✻ ✻

Money Plus, If You Want It

By ANSEL E. JOHNSON, *Acting Secretary of Promotion*

HERE are two chunks of truth and a golden thread which ties them together.

A prospector tramping behind his burros, as he makes his way westward out beyond the town limits up into the ridges differs mighty little from the rest of us. We may not speak it or even think it—in definite form—but the majority of folks are everywhere seeking the hidden treasure. That is often the reason why we go—to places, meetings of various sorts, to lectures, even to church—hoping that some word or song or act will give us the key, the secret, that will open the gate to the garden just beyond, the way to the real, the big thing for us. We know that there is life within life, and we want it. We all want life, and more than anything else we want more life.

Money is magic. There never was so much money in the world. There never was such feverish seeking for possession of money. There never was a time when so many men gave large amounts and great numbers of people gave so widely. Do you know that today for the first time in history giving money is a major enterprise?

The golden thread is the new knowledge gained by many people of how these two truths may be joined, in daily experience, through a controlling purpose.

One day a few months ago seven men sat at lunch in a New York restaurant talking about other things when one mentioned the above fact, about giving money being a major enterprise. They spent an hour discussing back and forth whether there isn't some secret—a law behind and in and through all this that we might discover, and knowing, it would make possible "new treasure of life" for men everywhere.

A week ago the writer rode in a railway car from New York to Albany and after a time conversation sprang up between himself and two other men in an adjoining seat. We were strangers and began talking upon general subjects, then upon business. One was a manufacturer of washing machines; the other was

interested in developing real estate and mining properties, and this latter told of the way he and the president of the mining company began operation of the mine upon a written agreement that fifteen per cent of the profits,—the amount exempted by the government on income tax—should be voted year by year to churches and schools. He went on to tell of the supreme satisfaction they were getting out of this undertaking in its influence and widespread helpfulness in an increasing number of lives.

The manufacturer said that his company was now looking for a general manager to take the place of an older man about to retire, and that the first essential for the position was that he must be a man who would regard the plant and employees and the whole enterprise as a trust, to make a product with conscience in it selling at a reasonable profit, the owners taking a salary and the profits divided equally into three funds: a fund for care of employees in trouble, a fund for Christian work, and a fund for expansion of business.

Each seemed to want to talk of this particular interest. Both men declared the utmost satisfaction in the working out of their projects and also that exceptional prosperity had attended their business.

Here and there, in city, town and village, you will find individuals and groups, rich and poor, in all walks of life, from newsboy to banker, who with flashing eye and glowing cheek will tell you a story.

"There's no question about it," said a banker, "we've got a group of folks in this town who get more out of life than they thought there was in it."

A man speaking at a public meeting here a few years ago told the people he would guarantee their happiness. He made a most alluring picture of how it would work out. "Switch your life onto these tracks," said he. "Begin tomorrow with the controlling idea that you are a trustee of all you possess and that you are going to use and administer it as a trust, given you for this purpose by the greatest friend you ever had.

"This is big business—it is a fact that there is an

increasing number of men who think it is the biggest business there is—and you are determined to use this possession of yours as a body of capital in such a way as to get the most out of it, as a trust.

"Did you ever try to plan how you would spend seventy-five thousand dollars? Experts say that is the value a college education adds to a boy's life. What would you do? You've got more than that. Don't try to make all your plans at once. Think a minute. The idea is based on a simple, fundamental statement of fact something like this: a life's relation to folks is the big thing and these relations run in expanding circles.

"I wonder if it is true, when the thing you are after is greatest personal satisfaction, that there is a law in this proposition of making the largest investments in those circles where others have the highest claim upon you?

"There are men who have been practicing this thing for years who tell you so and it seems as though nature ran this way, that this is the way the Almighty put things together. Perhaps this is the way he planned for us to get the deepest satisfactions out of life and we have been losing out by thinking of our obligation to provide for these and we have thought of it all in terms of necessity, possible difficulty and perhaps irritation.

"And sometimes your money came hard and you didn't exactly want to pay it, and as a matter of fact sometimes you did dodge it, whereas here are the very places where you can deliberately make your largest investments and get the deepest and most permanent satisfaction.

"I am sure of this, that you would rather go without something and buy a bit of a gift, flower, fruit or candy, or something for some member of your family, your wife or some other whom you love, and see her face light up with pleasure than almost anything else you do.

"Are you willing to take a square look at life as it is? See how it must run from center outward through expanding areas.

"You have some obligations represented by the necessities of your own family, including yourself; this is the inner circle. These you will provide for first by deliberately setting aside a certain proportion of your income for this purpose. Figure it out. (Buy or borrow some enthusiasm for this.) It's the real thing. There's simon-pure pleasure in both planning and administration.

"It's easy to recognize the second circle because just beyond your necessities there ought to be the "blue sky" of a bit of freedom of movement and choice, recreation, diversion, games, reading, entertainments; so you will naturally set aside a small proportion of your income for these. And surely you'll not do it carelessly but put some enthusiastic thinking into it, for these folks represent the heart-of-your-life. And moreover similar steps indicate a principle.

"If you proceed in some such natural fashion as this the third circle, moving out, will naturally include a larger group as well as your family. In this circle, is your church, school, city, nation, acquaintances, associates and organizations created for both narrower and wider activities. Suppose at first you write these all in a list so that you may bring them all into one view. Of course you are not seeking returns in dollars from these investments, but it seems that this third circle really ought to have the next claim upon you if you are going to follow through the 'big law' of stewardship. Therefore you will plan to make as large an investment here as you can after caring for claims within the first two.

"Be sure you do not miss the key right here. Don't sign off a lump sum. That sort of checker-boarding your capital and the appeals or opportunities will give you mighty small returns. Don't be satisfied with a mole-hill when you pay the price for a mountain. Think it out, plan the right proportions. The money is yours to use. You do not have to give a cent if you don't want to. You don't even need to pay your bills,—you can go to jail instead,—but if you want to use it as a trust, you can not only do good in some of the big ways you used to dream about, but you can win dividends of the deepest satisfactions a man can know.

"If that is really so, the next move is plain. You will make the third proportionately large investment through the church of your Big Friend.

"Already we can see that the law of stewardship is plain as that of gravitation, and as inescapable.

"Recognition that one's relation to others is the biggest thing in life and that these relations run in expanding circles from vital center to less significant outer reaches is the basis.

"The use of all that you possess under the controlling idea that it is a trust is the secret.

"Studied and enthusiastic, proportionate investment of one's possessions in the lives of others within these expanding areas is the law."

Aloha Oe

By MARION V. CUTHBERT

BY an open grave on a hillside a priest stood. Clustered around him was a group of colored people, their faces strangely solemn, shabby garments clutched over chilled bodies. The wind was sharp and whipped the garments of the priest about him; the grave with mounds of red soil piled on either side showed fresh and raw as a wound.

They were burying "The Wayan Woman."

Five years before colored American troops stationed near Honolulu had been a source of delight to their

kindred brown brethren. A colored soldier is not a machine in a uniform—he is an animated child with a man's courage and a pagan's nonchalance. It is no wonder that the western children of the sun and the surf should have been drawn to them or that Titi-wa should have loved Big Sam.

Titi-wa—and this is only part of her name, the rest being as long as her flying hair—was a thing of sunlight and shadow, whose lithe golden-brown body was as quick in the dance as the flash of her black eyes.

On the road of squat palms that leads from the village to the remotest cottage and beyond to the sea, she met him. Both were truants, Titi-wa from a mother who no longer felt the lure of the dance, and Big Sam, hastening to explain to an uncompromising lieutenant how he mistook three hours for a two-hour leave of absence. In the end Sam had to account for an additional six hours, but he had learned of something so rare and sweet that all camp punishments seemed utterly absurd.

And so they were married and Big Sam brought the Hawaiian flower to Alabama to a small town and a Negro quarter. The release from a soldier's life to that of a civilian meant a readjustment that Sam was not able to accomplish all at once, and poverty, squalor, and the dreariness of both overtook them. A baby girl played around the cabin and when she was just lisping words the Congregational minister's wife, lily hunting amid the mire, found her and put her in her day school for little folk.

Visits to the mother found a young woman whose eyes were sick with longing and who in broken English talked much about far-away islands.

When the stark Alabama sun burned upon the unpaved street, curiously enough named Sweetwater, where dirty little black and brown babies fought each other and jostled in rough play amid the dust, Tita-wa thought of a long white beach and rolling surf. And at night, when the shrieking victrolas and the wail of player-pianos accompanied the shuffled dance and fumes of cheap and illicit liquor insidiously stole through the quarter, she bethought herself of palms in a gentle breeze and the odors of night blooming plants. And of an old mother who begged her not to go away across far waters.

The winters were the worst. Rain and mud and a

penetrating cold that the handful of coals in the grate seemed only to augment. Days and days without the sun. Titi-wa spoke to Big Sam about going back to Hawaii, but he cut her short and asked her where did she suppose he could get money to go that far when it was all he could do to buy something to eat.

Titi-wa grew ill. She looked with heavy, feverish eyes at the new baby who had come to join the little sister. She listened uncomprehendingly as the little sister told her about the exercises at the missionary school and how she was to wear a little dress of white. And a crown. Titi-wa used to wear garlands of flowers in her hair. Some time in the night, while the steady rain fell dismally upon the soaked roof, Titi-wa slipped away and they found her cold and stiff near morning.

"She not Baptist nor Methodist. Guess we'll have to send for the Cath'lic priest," said Big Sam, shaking with a grief that he could hardly express. The priest came and put candles at the head and foot of the casket and said long prayers. The little sister came in, looked curiously at the flickering tapers, patted her mother's cheek and went out to play.

A cablegram from the poor old mother said to burn the body and send the ashes back to Hawaii, but Titi-wa would have to be sent all the way to Cincinnati and there was no money. So they took her up the hill and across the ditch that separates the colored burying ground from that of the white and there they laid her to rest. When they lowered the casket and a shower of red dirt fell upon it the little girl took out a very small handkerchief and cried silently. She was not really asleep after all and they were putting her in the ground. Were they? Somewhere an eager spirit, released and joyous, was nearing the sunlit islands that are flung in a western sea.

Apportionment Receipts

As reported by the Treasurers of all Congregational Societies

For the Month of May

For Calendar Year to June 1, 1925

	1925	1924	Increase	Decrease	1925	1924	Increase	Decrease
A. B. C. F. M.	\$37,459	\$48,092	\$10,633	\$123,937	\$134,920	\$10,983
W. B. M.	30,058	25,552	\$4,506	93,935	90,114	\$3,821
W. B. M. I..	13,749	15,204	1,455	86,482	87,439	956
W. B. M. P..	3,149	2,590	559	13,106	10,674	2,432
C. E. S.....	9,252	8,980	272	24,391	26,206	1,815
C. B. Society..	12,981	15,216	2,235	33,038	36,395	3,357
C. H. M. S..	12,375	15,367	2,992	50,382	57,511	7,129
A. M. A.....	24,419	27,107	2,688	67,025	77,040	10,015
C. S. S. E. S..	3,090	3,258	168	10,277	12,009	1,732
C. B. M. R..	3,898	5,729	1,831	16,882	22,147	5,265
Annuity Fund..	3,423	1,947	1,476	6,587	5,398	1,189
Found. for Ed..	5,110	5,110	11,875	11,875
Totals	\$158,963	\$169,042	\$11,923	\$22,002	\$537,917	\$559,853	\$19,317	\$41,253

Note: This tabulation does not include receipts by the State Home Missionary Societies or State Boards of Relief. The Woman's Home Missionary Federation presents no separate report, its receipts being included in those of the various home societies.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

History in Review

II. Can They Be Educated?

By Secretary GEORGE L. CADY

WHEN the refugees began to flock from the slave cabins to the shelter of the Federal Armies, the question which confronted the government was whether or not these slaves could be armed and whether they would fight like men. This question was answered by undoubted loyalty on every battlefield where they were tried. Then the Negroes had a song which has died out of the memories of most of this generation, and it was set to martial music that thrilled to the toes every truly emancipated man. The song ran as follows:

"They look like men,
They look like men,
They look like men of war;
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war."

John C. Calhoun did question if they were men. The North and South alike questioned if they were soldiers and, to this day, there are unnumbered thousands who question if they can respond to a higher education.

On September 17, 1861, the Association opened the first school for freed men in America. Lewis Tappan, the treasurer of the Association—the man who guaranteed any balance unraised for the purchase of "Sarah" auctioned into freedom by Henry Ward Beecher, and immortalized in that beautiful statue beside Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—wrote General Butler, after he had coined that phrase "contraband of war" for the slave fugitives from the South, asking if the Association could not help. About eighteen hundred of them had been gathered at Hampton and, with the approval of General Butler, the first meeting was held in the old home of ex-President Tyler. A school was then opened on the spot where, two hundred and forty-one years before, the first slave ship disembarked its human cargo on the American continent. It was the first school of that long line of educational institutions which were to follow "lifting the veil of ignorance from the face of the Negro race," so wonderfully pictured in that statue of Booker Washington, at Tuskegee. This was the beginning, and from it grew Hampton Normal and Industrial Institute. It is well to pause and emphasize that fact for it has been forgotten, or is unknown, by so many friends of Hampton.

Hampton Institute was founded by the American Missionary Association and was, for fifteen years after its official opening in 1868, reckoned and reported as one of the institutions of the Association, though the Association is glad to bear testimony to the fact that Hampton owes its development to the genius and character of General Samuel C. Armstrong, who assumed its leadership on invitation of the Executive Committee of the Association.

And then came that day for which they had long

worked and prayed, when their eyes saw "the glory of the coming of the Lord," and the great Emancipator set his hand to the document January 1, 1863, which set the slaves free, but with no fitness for freedom. Here, then, was the greatest internal problem which was ever thrown upon the Christian philanthropy of any nation. It could not be expected that the South could or would handle it. These black personalities had recently been their chattels, considered somewhat higher than beasts but certainly somewhat lower than humans. In their scheme of things, they had no place for the educated Negro or for his education. Thousands today still believe that they are of a lower order and were made to be the servants of the white man. This lies back of the cruelties of the Congo and of the Kimberly Mines. One must first postulate inferiority before one can go on to exploit and degrade, buy and sell and enslave another animal who moves on twos, and not on all fours. And the South was economically unable to meet the new crisis. It had been swept bare of every value by the flames of war. Sherman's march to the sea had left behind the ashes of an old civilization, upon which it was yet a question if there could ever rise a new.

Every wheel was stopped, and the plow and the sickle stood rusted in the broken-down shed; but, worse still, their beasts of labor roamed untethered from the cabin stalls. A defeated people are never in a position to accept defeat—witness the Germans whose sacred soil was untrampled by the heels of the enemy. But the iron shard of defeat was driven deeper by the coming of the Carpet-Bagger. He who had said: "With malice toward none; with charity for all" was gone and, in his place, came the politician whose motto was: "To the victor belong the spoils." The chasm that lay between white and colored in the South and white North and South was so widened and deepened that it was unbridged for half a century. The approach to this question by a Northerner must be made with a more just and generous appreciation of the acute situation which the South faced after the war. The South had to rebuild a new economic life on the utter ruins of the old, and the almost unparalleled growth of her industries and increase of her wealth during the last sixty years bear witness to the fact that, in those finer and greater essentials of the Anglo-Saxon race, they and we are of one blood. But also, the South had to build out of its broken fortunes a new educational system, based upon the spirit of democracy for the whites—it would be asking too much of human nature to expect that, in that educational scheme, they should find at that time a place for yesterday's slaves.

The task of fitting these slaves for the citizenship which, wisely or unwisely, Congress had recently be-

stowed must fall upon others. For this The American Missionary Association was, by principles and experience, fitted above all others. Already it had demonstrated its willingness and ability among the poor refugees at Hampton, and already the slaves had shown that they were ready for education.

And then followed that long list of schools which may be said to be the greatest adventure in brotherhood in the history of America. The white soldiers in the barracks at Nashville, Tennessee, marched out, and the black men and women whom they had freed marched in, and Fisk University began its splendid career. Then came Atlanta and Talladega in the very heart of the Black Belt, and Straight in romantic New Orleans, with its tens of thousands of colored people of much-mingled blood. Tougaloo took its place in the history of Mississippi on an old slave plantation, and Tillotson in the heart of Texas. Scores of other little institutions dotted the whole of the South—many of them temporary, but some of them to become permanent contributions to the solution of this vexing problem.

In 1867 the Association had five hundred and twenty-eight workers among the freed men alone, and that year records forty thousand pupils gathered in the schools. From 1862 to 1872, there were three hundred and twenty-four schools established; three thousand four hundred and seventy teachers and missionaries commissioned and three hundred and twenty-one thousand and ninety-nine pupils enrolled. Old gray-haired men and women took their places beside the little boys and girls laboriously poring over their "A.B.C.'s" and their addition tables. They came with their blankets rolled upon their backs, walking scores of miles, and with their board of corn and bacon in their blankets. They brought to the school book and teacher that eagerness and hunger for education which furnished then, as now, the best basis for educability. Sixty years later, girls and boys walked twenty miles a day to grasp their only opportunity for enlightenment. The need today is only a little less imperative in many of these same districts, for the educational advantages for the Negro have hardly improved in some of the back districts of the South. The following figures are suggestive of the field still to be occupied for some years to come. These statistics, taken from the Negro Year Book of 1921-1922—the most reliable and complete information which we possess on all that relates to the Negro in America—will show how inadequate and discriminatory is the administration of public school education in the South. The figures show the amount spent in each state for each child of school age:

State	White	Colored
Alabama	\$15.80	\$3.00
Florida	30.00	5.75
Georgia	16.31	2.83
Louisiana	25.37	3.49
Mississippi	18.12	3.92
North Carolina	15.37	5.83
South Carolina	19.33	2.06

The author of the Negro Year Book, Mr. Horace N. Work, of Tuskegee, reports that the statistics, in regard to the number of high schools for Negroes in

the South and the educational standards in them are not available. Less than five years ago there was only one accredited public high school in Georgia for one and a half million Negroes. In Alabama, there was not a single accredited high school for a million Negroes and, in New Orleans, there was one high school with a capacity of seven hundred pupils for a Negro population of over one hundred thousand. Indeed, for the State of Louisiana, there are now two hundred and eighty high schools for three hundred and fifty-eight thousand white children and three high schools for three hundred and forty-seven thousand Negro children. For the most part, the only places where the Negro children of the South can go to get a high school education that approximates that provided by the high schools of the North are the institutions maintained by missionary societies. South Carolina, in 1922-23, spent for white teachers five million two hundred and sixteen thousand nine hundred and fifteen dollars and for Negro teachers eight hundred and forty-five thousand nine hundred and nine dollars. The average salary paid the white teacher was eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars, and the colored teacher, two hundred and thirty-eight dollars—the number of children of school age being, in each case, about the same. The per capita expenditure for all purposes was, for white children forty-two dollars and forty-one cents, and for Negro children, four dollars and ninety-five cents.

And yet the South is coming on educationally. The results of the work of the Association and kindred organizations have convinced the South that the Negro is educable, and that ignorance is not an asset anywhere, at any time, or among any people. The preservation of the South depends not on the continual submergence, but the uplifting of all its citizenship. The migration from the South to the North had driven home to the white man the fact that if he will keep his greatest industrial asset in the South, the Negro must be provided with justice in the courts and education for his children.

The magnificent philanthropy of Julius Rosenwald—whose sense of human brotherhood puts to shame many a professing Christian—has helped erect more than two thousand model school buildings for colored boys and girls in rural districts. The pioneering work of the Association has accomplished its task, and the education of the Negro tomorrow will be democratically administered and financed, and slowly the missionary organizations will find themselves relieved of the burden of education in the common school grades. If the progress made in North Carolina is the beginning of a new day, sweeping from the North into the darker South, we may prophesy that high schools will be within the reach of all of the colored boys and girls in the South inside of the next twenty-five years.

But the *higher education* will not be soon undertaken throughout the South, in spite of the splendid example set by North Carolina. There are too many who still do not believe in it, and the educational funds are not yet sufficient to allow the building of colleges. A few normal schools now dot the South, but even North Carolina, progressive as it is, admits that it is unable to cope with the need of teachers in its educational scheme for the Negro. It is in this field that the Association has, and will continue to have, its largest

opportunity. For the Association has held, against all comers, and in the face of educational materialism, that the Negro needs complete education to fit him for life. The Association was the first to enter into industrial education, and believes in it profoundly, but it does not believe that this is the last word. Too many well-meaning friends of General Armstrong and Booker Washington have rallied—and still do—to the support of their “idea” as being the sum of all educational needs for the colored race. Both of these truly great educators were convinced that they were just steps in the program of a complete education. Dr. Lyman Abbott, speaking before the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association in Boston, in 1896, declared:

“Any scheme of education which proposes to furnish the Negro race only with manual and industrial education is a contrivance for putting him in serfdom; it tacitly says that the Negro is the inferior of the white race and, therefore, we will ask him to serve us. The race must have an education which, in its final outcome, shall be complete for the race as a race, which shall include the curriculum of education and which shall open opportunities for the higher culture of which any individual of that race is capable.”

We are sure that the greatest contribution which Hampton is making to America and its greatest problem is not the graduates from its farm and carpenter shop, but those from its Whittier School for the training of teachers. Hampton has been wise enough to recognize that among the Negroes there is a well-defined revolt against the implications of the industrial education “idea,” which has gained great popularity among the whites because it educates the Negro to stay in “his place.” Hampton has now added two years of liberal arts education for the preparation of Negro leadership.

Industrial education fails to reckon with the most imaginative need in the evolution of a race in which is working the mighty yeast of the new idea of self-determination of little peoples. The Secretary of the General Education Board tells of a conversation he had with President Roosevelt. President Roosevelt said: “I believe in the education of the Negro; I believe that he ought to have eight grades of education and that we should give him manual and industrial training.” The Secretary replied: “That is good, President Roosevelt, but if you are going to have eight grades of education, who will teach the eight grades?” President Roosevelt replied: “Why, that is so—if you have eight grades of education, you must needs have twelve grades in order to teach the teachers of the eight grades.” The Secretary came back: “Splendid, President Roosevelt, but now, if you are to have twelve grades of education, who will teach the teachers of the twelve grades?” President Roosevelt slapped his leg and said: “By George, there is no end to this thing, is there?” The Secretary replied again: “No,

there is no more end to it than there is to the education of your children and mine.”

The Association has never been foolish enough to believe that any race could be educated by the missionaries of an outside race. Every race must educate itself; must provide its own leadership, and that is true of China, of Japan, and of the South. The Association is not only convinced that the Negro is capable of the higher education, but we are under democratic and Christian obligation to give it to him, and that only thus can we educate the educators, teach the teachers and lead the leaders, which an aspiring race demands. This has become especially imperative on account of the new race consciousness and faith in themselves which is the inevitable product of the education afforded during the last fifty years. It is always dangerous to the supremacy of a ruling race to bring education to the exploited—it is only more dangerous not to. The Negro of today believes in himself; he believes in the future of his race; he believes his race has some contribution to make to the sum total of the achievements of humankind, and he believes he has a right to those cultural influences which shall enable him to come to his best and contribute that best to the progress of his own people and of all mankind. The Association, with the splendid background of the Congregational church, with its long experience and emphasis on education, will find here its largest opportunity for service, and from this field there is no danger that it will be crowded out for a half a century to come.

A secretary of the Association met a cultured Georgian on the train and fell into conversation with him. This Georgian was a Baptist, a college man, was on the school board of his town and his two sons he had sent through college. He said that schools for the Negro beyond the seventh grade—except the industrial like Hampton and Tuskegee—had no right to exist. His town maintained a school of seven grades. And with that fine grace which makes a real Southerner so charming, he bade him good night, with the definite statement that the Association was all wrong, misguided, foolish and absurd in its attitude toward the “nigger,” his rights and his capacity. It must be confessed that he is fairly typical of the larger part of the South, and tens of thousands in the North are of the same opinion.

But the Association has fought this battle too long to turn back. The flag is still nailed to the mast and it will not retreat from its faith that the Negro is not only capable of liberal education, but that he must have it to fit him for his real place in the world as a contributing citizen of the world commonwealth. There was perhaps never a time when this unique testimony was more needed than today and tomorrow. For the sake of “simplicity” shall this Voice lose its distinctness by being submerged in a larger organization?

“During their stay in America Negroes have made progress favorably comparable with that of any other racial groups in history. The Negro as a freedman has been held up by politicians and alarmists as a menace to America. It has not worked out that way. Negro freedmen were illiterate; the menace was in their illiter-

acy and not in their race. For every political blunder that American Negroes have made one might safely undertake to find a group of white Americans who are responsible. An ignorant Negro vote is a menace, not because it is Negro, but because ignorance is easily manipulated by designing men.”—*W. W. Alexander.*

I Done Been South

By REV. THEODORE R. FAVILLE



ROLLINS, FAVILLE, STEARNS, CADY, WARNER

THE trip I prognosticated last month came off in great shape. If you ever go traveling down South and want a first-class dragoman and personal conductor, just page Dr. George L. Cady, of the American Missionary Association. George can do it! In the first place, he can furnish a two-weeks' stretch of fine weather. In the second place, he can provide the choicest of traveling companions (possibly I am a little partial to state superintendents). There went along Rollins of New York and Stearns of New Hampshire—two of the very finest. Then Mr. E. N. Warner, of our own State, joined us for four days, which gave the party quite the proper balance. And in the third place, he never has taken so much as a side squint at a cross word puzzle; so while the rest of the travelers are properly, or improperly, engrossed, he has plenty of time to study all the time tables and wire ahead for all the reservations. Of course, in the

South your party may get there ahead of the telegram, especially if it is to a Negro school out in the country. But that makes it all the better, for they don't suspect your coming and you know you have caught them "as is," which is the way you want to see them. To resume: If you have heard Dr. Cady introduce his splendid lecture on "Our Cross *World* Puzzle" by reference to his ignorance of the other kind, I assure you he is not fibbing. We tempted him, but he didn't fall. However, he did everything else possible for our pleasure and profit. What a roll of bills the man carried! Yet how economically he got us around. And what a good time we had. Herewith Wisconsin, in my person, says a loud "Thank You" to Dr. Cady.

Of course I can't write much about that trip. We went from New York south through Washington to North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Tennessee. We attended sessions of the



THE CLASS IN POULTRY AT TOUGALOO



THE GYMNASIUM AT TALLADEGA

annual meetings of the Alabama and Louisiana Colored Conferences. We visited colored schools: Lin-

conclusion is that the Negro is just about what you and I would be in his place. That he would be just about



TEACHERS' HOME, ATHENS, ALABAMA



SENIORS AND JUNIORS, MARION, ALABAMA

coln Academy, Talladega College, Lincoln Normal School, Tougaloo College, Straight College, Burrell Academy; and the white school, Pleasant Hill Academy in the Tennessee Mountains. Incidentally, we took a peep at a school not under the A. M. A., Piney Woods; and did some sight-seeing at Muscle Shoals and at Chattanooga, with its historic battlefields; not to mention visits to white and colored churches, city schools, and general points of interest.



ON KING'S MOUNTAIN TRAILS

We were out to learn about where your money goes; about our American Missionary Association work in the South, against the background of the whole Southern—both white and Negro—civilization history and future promise. I think we made a good beginning. I hope to pass it on. Give me a half hour some day and I'll tell you of it. The party took pictures; maybe I can show you some. Meantime the

what you and I are in our place. That those places are getting a lot nearer together every generation, and we're helping in that. *That the American Missionary Association has done a mighty sight better on our behalf than most of us would have done in its place. Its preachers and teachers are of the best. That the Negro appreciates this; the intelligent and Christian Southern white folk appreciate it. That the American Missionary Association isn't through doing it, in the name of the Congregational churches of America.*

That we had better keep those workers, and that wealth of experience, and that name—representing a tradition, a confidence, a record of value—on the job a good while longer. Those are a few of the mental snap shots. Take a good look at them.

We came upon several people who made contacts



KING'S MOUNTAIN



KING'S MOUNTAIN DORMITORY

for us between North and South. I was happy to meet again delightful Miss Marion Cuthbert, the young colored teacher at Burrell Normal, who visited our state last spring, speaking so engagingly at associations and in churches. We found her one of a gracious group of teachers at a Sunday dinner table, just as demure and sparkling as ever. Then, there was Miss Bishop, a teacher at Pleasant Hill, in whom I believe our Wisconsin Woman's Home Missionary Union is

especially interested. President and Mrs. Holmes of Tougaloo have a young friend at the University in Madison, where also is Sally Fletcher—and her sister Frances—to whom I was to bring love from Aunt Bess at Uplands, the Cumberland Mountain Sanitarium. The women at that sanitarium, doctor and nurses, are doing as noble a work of mercy and service to an out-of-the-way corner of the world as any we saw.

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Alabama State Conference at Talladega, March 25-29

THE fiftieth annual session of the Congregational Conference of Alabama, and the forty-ninth annual session of the Woman's Missionary Union of the Congregational Churches of Alabama, which met with the First Church of Talladega, was one of the most interesting and profitable in its history. This marks its sixth year at Talladega since 1878.

Under the shadow of a great institution whose light of missionary zeal has been burning for nearly sixty years, the spot where the spirits of Brown, Andrews, DeForest and Silsby blend, in the midst of the most prosperous and extensive program in the history of the college, and with the cooperation of the First Church with its contemporary history of service with the college for over a half century, the conference entered into a rich heritage and an atmosphere which was conducive to a great session.

Report of Committee on Merger

Having been informed that the Commission on Missions, through a Committee of Twelve, was considering the question of a merger by which the educational work of the American Missionary Association would pass over to the Education Society and its church work to the Home Missionary Society, thus completely eradicating the name and peculiar service of this historic organization, the Alabama Conference in annual session, March 25-29, voted unanimously against such a merger and appointed a committee to study the question further and report its findings with the positive

feeling of the Conference to the Committee of Twelve.

After weeks of study, following the above instruction, the committee begs leave to make the report which follows:

Remembering that the American Missionary Association through the years has maintained and directed this work in the South; and has stood uncompromisingly for universal brotherhood and for the highest development of character; and recalling, too, that it has been the pioneer in the matter of race relations and inaugurating social service programs for Negro churches, and the additional fact that more recently the American Missionary Association has adopted a more aggressive church policy, which is just beginning to bear fruit in stronger conferences, young people's organizations, larger contributions for national benevolences, and so forth, we think it highly inadvisable and very unwise to attempt any merger that would eliminate this organization so peculiarly fitted to serve by traditions, years of experience and the unquestioned confidence of twelve million loyal Negroes. This committee feels that the Five-Fold Plan that is being considered by the Committee of Twelve in which the American Missionary Association with its church and school work is retained, is far the better plan and we herewith for the Alabama State Conference, humbly recommend the same.

Respectfully submitted,

James Hyslop, O. G. Lawless, L. C. Farley,
Spencer Snell, H. S. Barnwell.

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Glimpses

By E. W. HUELSTER, D.D.

THERE is nothing more interesting than folks, and some of the most uncommon people are to be found among those whom Lincoln said God loved because he made so many of them—to wit, the common people. These unusual beings are everywhere, among all races. Fortunate the man who has seeing eyes and listening ears to discover the worth-while possibilities possessed by neglected chil-



THE BOYS, FLORENCE, ALABAMA

dren of toil or that portion of the city's population living in segregated districts and hidden away from the beauty of light by the dust and smoke of the factory districts.

If we want to find the best and most promising in childhood and youth, we must visit the schools, for the hopeful, ambitious and earnest young people are there. Come with me to several of our American Missionary Association schools and let me in-

roduce you to a number of our real boys and girls.

We are in New Orleans at Straight College, in the elementary practice school. The assembly room is filled to overflowing. The Bible is read, the teacher prays and there are sentence prayers by the boys and girls. Several jubilees are sung and in an orderly fashion the children pass into their several recitation rooms. We are in the fifth grade. The roll is called and the response is given by reciting morning topics. The boys tell of what they have read concerning politics and crime. A kinky-headed girl, a little thing, is next. She says,

"I read in a paper last night, 'With wisdom get understanding'."

Then she expostulates on the difference between understanding and wisdom. Surely a mind so mature must have an older body and she is probably a dwarf, we conclude, and so we ask,

"Little girl, how old are you?"

"I'm eight years old and in the fifth grade."

We ask the teacher if this child pulls this kind of thing every morning and she replies,

"It is very common for her. She is the best student

mother is a graduate of Talladega and teaches in our public schools."

Score another for the teachers!



GIRLS' DORMITORY, MARION, ALABAMA

A teacher in history in one of our schools persistently urges us to attend her class, declaring that her colored boys and girls furnish the best class in history of any school, anywhere. The ready response, intense interest and correct and informing answers easily justify the pride the teacher has in her subject and her pupils.

In another school attractive drawings in colored chalk arrest our attention. Of course it must be the art supervisor who has decorated the room so artistically. But we are informed that there is no art supervisor and no gifted teacher who drew the pictures, but a poor fourteen-year-old black boy who is an artist in embryo. His pictures on the fly leaves of his books and paintings on scrap paper give promise of real talent and in our office we have samples of what this uncommon common boy, without an instructor, has done.

Next let me introduce you to the future Roland Hayes. The boy is thirteen, comely, bright, peppy—the real sort. His teacher has made the appointment and the young artist takes his sheet music from the leather case, for his father is a prosperous man and tremendously interested in the future of his son. His tones are true, his voice clear and sweet, his enunciation distinct, without a suggestion of his southern



TALLADEGA BOYS

in the grade. We rate her as possessing quite as unusual a mind as we have ever discovered in an eight-year-old child. Her mother, a graduate of Straight, is a teacher in one of the public schools for colored children."

We're in the class room in our Institute at Memphis, in a Latin class. The teacher is a cultured, scholarly colored gentleman. The students are translating Caesar. A beautiful young colored girl is translating the Latin passages into English so easily that we say to Principal Ortman,

"That girl has committed the thing to memory and is reading it as our children read Mother Goose rhymes."

The Principal says, "I guess not," and after others have recited the teacher calls on this same girl to turn to a given page and read the Latin at sight, translating as she reads, which she does in perfect fashion. We ask her age and she says,

"I am thirteen years old."

In reply to the question, "Do you like Latin?" she says,

"I love it and I'm going to teach it some day. My



ONLY COLORED PUBLIC SCHOOL IN MARION, ALABAMA

birth and color. We expect that white and black people will encore him in future years.

We have time for just another of the many, many wonderful young people in our schools. We are in the mountains now—in old Tennessee, at Pleasant Hill. A sturdy lad is fairly racing from the dormitory to the dining-room—the direction in which youth runs most swiftly and easily. Our attention is called to this sprinter and President Elam tells us to watch that boy and after breakfast he will tell us the story. We watch him and are convinced that he knows where to put his food and that his digestive apparatus knows what to do with it thereafter. He's animated; talks and eats as only a youth who is full of life can. After breakfast we meet him and like him. His grip is strong, his eyes clear, his speech excellent and when he leaves we say to the president,

erous, looking the picture of helplessness. The only thing that he had in his favor was an ambition to go to school and a willingness to do anything in his power to make that possible. His appearance suggested a physical examination. The doctor said that the boy had an active case of tuberculosis, his tonsils were diseased, his teeth were bad beyond repair and he needed glasses. A fit subject for the undertaker, standing on the threshold of Pleasant Hill Academy begging for admittance. The earnest plea of the boy overcame the doubts and fears of the authorities. His tonsils were taken out, all his teeth but four were drawn—but Nature with some assistance gave him a third set and a mighty good one—the oculist helped his eyes, a suitable room and good food robbed tuberculosis of that victim, and so diligent and studious is this boy that he has no less than eighty



THE CHAPEL, TOUGALOO



A. M. A. GRADUATE TEACHERS



A. M. A. GRADUATES AND MINISTERS

"Well, what about him?" And this is his story: "That boy is the eldest of a large family. He came here at seventeen, a year and a half ago—poor, cadav-

per cent in any of his grades. Pleasant Hill is making a real, wonderful man out of the young fellow on whom the grave-digger had had his eye!



Santee, Nebraska

By REV. A. L. MANSUR

SANTEE Normal was founded by Rev. A. L. Riggs, son of Dr. S. R. Riggs, one of the first pioneer missionaries to the Indians. Rev. A. L. Riggs came to the Santee agency in May, 1870, and began the Santee school. It was a small beginning, but from small things great things grow. Like the mustard seed, the school begun then has grown into the present normal school. It was the purpose of the founder to use every educational means for the development of Christian character, and habits of right-

eous industry, for the development of Christian leadership.

Among the students of Santee who have brought themselves to the attention of the public are Rev. Artemus Ehnamani, Rev. Francis Frazier, Dr. Charles Eastman, Rev. Henry Roe Cloud, and Dr. George Frazier, physician at Santee agency. Rev. Ehnamani was pastor at Santee. Until over thirty years of age he was a typical Indian warrior. He was engaged in the Minnesota outbreak in 1862. He was imprisoned

and condemned to death with others. He was pardoned by President Lincoln. During his long stay in prison he learned to read and write and later became a Christian. After his death his place as pastor was taken by his son, Rev. Francis Frazier. He was an excellent pastor. His son, Dr. George Frazier, is the school physician. A younger son is a graduate of Oberlin and of the University of Chicago. This shows the continued influence of the Santee school throughout the years. The names of Dr. Charles Eastman and Henry Roe Cloud are well known to the reading public. And they are the products of Christian leadership of the Santee Normal Training School.

This is the story of the latest Indian uprising: rising to the best in modern Christianity, education, and

civilization. And it is for the training of Christian leadership among the Indian people that Santee Normal Training School was founded and dedicated.

Perhaps Santee Normal is not as well known as it should be in the states from which its students come. It has been one of the silent forces at work for the Christianization of the Indian. And the more this institution is known in the Middle West the more will the people come to appreciate its work, and help in its undertaking. The need of the institution is great. With what equipment and economy there is at hand the school is going ahead doing a great work. About twice as many applicants are received as can be cared for. Santee Normal School needs your help and friendship in its Christian undertaking.



Accomplishment

By MRS. F. B. RIGGS

AS we near the end of our school year we naturally look backward and try to get a summary of what has been accomplished. First let me give you a picture of the homes from which our pupils come.

Scattered all over the Indian country in North and South Dakota and Montana are little huts with one or two rooms; three would be a luxury. Here the Indian family of six or eight lives. The grandmother's word is law in the Indian home and the family lives according to her primitive ideas of life. The young school girl tries to put into practice what she has learned at school but the grandmother does not take to the white man's way of doing things. So the girl accepts her fate and lives four long months, the vacation time, in the most unsanitary way—eating and sleeping in the same room and often times on the floor. She has no privacy at all. Is it surprising that one of our girls should be overheard in saying to her roommate, "Oh, isn't it good to get back to school where we can sleep between sheets"? Just think how all your labor is appreciated when you work hard to make sheets to put into your missionary boxes.

Another picture of the home life is where the grandmother has passed on, and the mother reigns supreme in her home. She has been a Santee pupil in the early days of the school and has learned to appreciate what it is to have an education and to enjoy the better things of life. This kind of a mother welcomes every bit of skill her daughter brings home from school. One mother of this kind, a graduate in one of the first classes at Santee, wrote us a few days ago the following: "Words fail me when I try to express my appreciation for all you have done for me and mine, and I hope we will all live up to the high Christian ideals of Santee, the best school of all."

Winona, the first daughter, or Caske, the first son, in the Indian family, has large responsibilities to live up to. Others of the family may fail in all manner of ways but if Winona or Caske fail all the rest of the family are disgraced. Fathers and mothers often ask favors of their friends in the name of their first-born. It is a matter of great discourtesy to refuse.

In the homes of the Christian Indian the family worship is rarely omitted. In this they put us to



AT SANTEE, NEBRASKA

shame. A white missionary stopped at an Indian home and they offered him a lunch of bread and milk. He accepted the courtesy and began to eat. The man of the household said, "Is that the way white folks do, only give thanks when they have a feast?"

With this meager description as a background you can readily see the types of pupils we have to work with.

The greatest advancement we have made this year is in adding the eleventh grade to our school course. This has brought new stimulus. The pupils study better than ever before. They now have a definite goal, namely, to go through high school. Next year we hope to have our first high school graduating class. All of last year's tenth grade, but one, returned to take the eleventh grade work this year.

There has been a wonderful change in the study hours of later years. When I first came to Santee it was my painful duty to have charge of the evening study hour at the older girls' home one evening a week. The pupils in those days did not have much idea of how to study. Consequently the study hour was more or less a failure. Now one can enter the study hall when thirty girls are studying, and everything is perfectly quiet. All the forenoon, after the detailed work is done, groups of girls are seen poring

over their books with great eagerness and absorption.

It is an interesting sight to see the pupils rushing to the classroom of the different teachers soon after a test has been given, to see, if possible, how they came out. So you see we are making progress.

I must not forget to tell you about my special work which is the music. This year forty registered in the music department for piano and organ lessons. Our girls and boys are very fond of music. On the whole I think they are more musical than the majority of white pupils in our public schools. Some of my advanced pupils are working on such music as "Spring Song," by Greig, "To a Wild Rose," by MacDowell, "At Morn," by Godard, "Good Night," by Nevin and "Butterfly," by Greig, for our Commencement recital. The climax of my chorus class music was the singing of Maunder's cantata, "From Olivet to Calvary," Easter Sunday evening. I wish you could have seen the interest that fairly radiated from the faces of the pupils as they sang those beautiful choruses. A student from Yankton College Conservatory came to render some of the solos. Our daughter Winona sang the soprano solos and played most of the accompaniments. The whole cantata was so satisfactorily given that I should not hesitate to appear before any audience with my class.

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University Students in Southern California

LAUNCHING a drive toward more voluntary and universal observance of the Constitution and especially of the Eighteenth Amendment, three thousand students of the University of Southern California met recently in their assembly hall, and pledged themselves to the cause of prohibition enforcement and issued an appeal to all other collegiate institutions to follow their example.

The action of the students was declared to have

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Abraham Lincoln in 1855

IN 1855, Mr. Lincoln drafted the Illinois Prohibition Act, using the Maine law to some extent as the basic guide, but the Illinois law drafted by Mr. Lincoln and presented with but few modifications, was a wonderfully perfect piece of legal mechanism. The Act passed the Legislature, but the liquor people circulated garbled copies with forged interpolations of the bill in the referendum campaign, in which the Bill was submitted to the people for final approval. The defeat of the bill in June by a State-

wide majority of about fourteen thousand votes, was attributed to fraud. One interesting feature of the Bill was a provision, reflecting the great shrewdness of Lincoln and those who collaborated with him in framing the law, for the printing in pamphlet form of fifty thousand copies of the Act immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature, and sending of five hundred copies to each county in the state for general distribution."

We may well recall the great emancipator's stand!

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A Sample Order of Worship

WE TAKE the following from the printed Order of Morning Worship at the First Congregational Church of Adams, Massachusetts, of which Dr. Shumaker is pastor. We submit it as a suggestion to others.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

The Field

Extends from the Atlantic Coast to the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico. It includes in the South, the

Negroes and the Whites, both in the mountains and the lowlands; in the West, the Indians; on the Pacific Coast, the Chinese, Japanese and Hindus; and in Porto Rico and Hawaii, those of various races. It conducts educational work among the Mexicans in New Mexico.

Purpose and Method

The American Missionary Association is training leaders for these different races. This involves an

Industrial Leadership

The Association years ago introduced into its schools industrial training. All our principal schools now give this training. The aim is not simply to instruct the few in handicrafts, but to give to the many an intelligent and efficient industrial leadership within their own race, which shall encourage industrial activity and lead to economic development.

An Intellectual Leadership

is also furnished through the colleges and higher institutions. No race can be lifted by the means of industrial training alone. The larger development of intellectual life is essential to secure to any race in-

fluence and power. This the Association recognizes and provides for. In its normal schools hundreds of teachers are trained for the public schools. This training of teachers is of supreme importance in the elevation of any people.

Moral and Religious Leadership

Departments of Biblical and theological instruction, in which ministers and missionaries are trained for the service of their own people, are provided by the Association. Character building and religious instruction are everywhere a part of school training. High moral standards can be met only by a well-trained moral and religious leadership.



A Lost Opportunity

By JOSEPH C. HAZEL, in *Southern Workman*

HE talked of how his work had failed,
His early hopes had died;
The achievements he had struggled for
The gods of fate denied.
He talked, but did not quite reveal
The burden of his soul—
The hidden cause that intervened
Between him and the goal.
He told his friend in confidence
The sadness of his plight;
With what reluctance he was forced
At length to drop the fight.

But, oh! how often, when we speak,
We shelter, dark and deep,
Some truth germane that we defend
And, speaking, fail to speak.
'Twas so with him, for, while he claimed
The gods had been unfair,
The truth arose within his breast
And throbbed insistent there.
To every man a chance is given,
And each his fortune brings;
'Tis not in "stars," but in ourselves,
That we are underlings.



A Cotton Valley Graduate

By J. K. HILYARD

DU SK was falling as we drove up to the Morrison Industrial Training School for delinquent Negro boys. Located amidst the pines at Hoffman, North Carolina, the main building, a large brick structure which is the nucleus of a larger group of buildings that are to be erected in the next few years, presents a very imposing aspect.

Above the remembrance of well-kept and appointed buildings is the radiant personality of the superintendent, a veritable smiling giant, both in physique and in his attitude to his charges. He gives one the impression of a big brother; even more, for he is a father to the boys who have not had an opportunity to develop as they should. Questioned, the superintendent said that he had "a fine lot of boys" and that there was "not a bad one among them."

We entered the dining hall behind the line of hungry boys who greeted us with smiling faces. As I studied their countenances, I wondered what had brought them to this institution. Thoughts of degraded homes, neglectful parents, squalid environments, and inadequate school facilities passed through my mind. Here, I thought, is the best investment that could be made in human character building, for these boys are all preadolescents and yet they have come in vital contact with the more sordid facts of life.

Superintendent Boyd received his early training at the Cotton Valley School at Fort Davis, Alabama, which is operated under the auspices of the American

Missionary Association. Here he received the same inspiration and impulse to render his fellow-man real practical Christian service that his former teacher, Dr. Booker T. Washington, received at another old American Missionary Association school, Hampton Institute. One sensed the spirit of the American Missionary Association at the Morrison Training School, for as we listened to the kindly manner in which the superintendent spoke to his boys, we realized that he had a vision of developing his charges into men to whom religion would be a real, vital, practical, living thing to be expressed in their deeds. Honor and trustworthiness, two qualities manifestly lacking in these boys a few months ago, seem to be the major objectives of this institution.

The singing of the boys, after they had finished their evening repast, convinced us that they were beginning to turn to Him, who came into this world not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. Too often the "spirit" is lacking in the singing of Negro spirituals, but the boys at this school are putting their very souls into these spirituals and He who realizes the frailty of all of us humans, is going to reward them with a determination and an impulse to do mighty deeds that those who have made this institution possible might feel that they have not labored in vain. Opportunity is knocking at the door for these boys and one feels that the sympathetic counsel and training of Superintendent Boyd is going to result in their grasping this oppor-

tunity and becoming such men as the great state of North Carolina desires them to be.

Last, but not least, is Mrs. Boyd, the pleasant wife of the superintendent. We found her attending to her duties of supervising the preparation and serving of the evening meal.

Supper over, the command was given for the lines to form and pass to the sleeping quarters in the main building. As the lines disappeared in the distance we turned to the smiling superintendent and his countenance told us that here was a school of human character-building manned by people who believe in the intrinsic value of black boys even though they have strayed from the appointed paths that society demands they must follow.

Miss Celestia Goldsmith

On April 27, in the eightieth year of a beautiful life, Celestia Goldsmith passed away. For fourteen years Miss Goldsmith taught under the American Missionary Association at Le Moyne Institute, Memphis, Tennessee. Recently her niece, a college girl in Chicago attending a meeting of Christians interested in better race relations, was asked to speak about her plans for life service. She told of interest in the South long ago aroused in herself and her sister, who is now an instructor at Hampton, by their aunt, and how deeply both had desired to carry on the torch which their aunt with failing hands had offered to them.

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The A. M. A. Treasury

IRVING C. GAYLORD, Treasurer

We give below a comparative statement of the receipts for May and for the eight months of the fiscal year, to May 31.

RECEIPTS FOR MAY (Including Specials)

	Churches	Women's Societies	Individuals	Total Donations	Legacies	TOTAL
1924.....	\$17,067.62	\$9,284.16	\$11,480.47	\$37,832.25	\$3,370.95	\$41,203.20
1925.....	16,978.35	7,171.76	7,150.89	31,301.00	3,425.30	34,726.30
Increase.....	\$54.35
Decrease.....	\$89.27	\$2,112.40	\$4,329.58	\$6,531.25	\$6,476.90

RECEIPTS EIGHT MONTHS TO MAY 31

Available for Regular Appropriations:

	Churches	Women's Societies	Individuals	Total Donations	Legacies	TOTAL
1923-24.....	\$180,309.60	\$67,762.42	\$10,200.65	\$258,272.67	\$59,783.61	\$318,056.28
1924-25.....	177,123.97	59,649.92	9,630.30	246,404.19	43,130.22	289,534.41
Increase.....
Decrease.....	\$3,185.63	\$8,112.50	\$570.35	\$11,868.48	\$16,653.39	\$28,521.87

Designated by Contributors for Special Objects Outside of Regular Appropriations:

	Churches	Women's Societies	Individuals	Total Donations	Legacies	TOTAL
1923-24.....	\$2,747.46	\$3,615.53	\$49,627.56	\$55,990.55	\$55,990.55
1924-25.....	2,494.29	4,049.86	51,949.11	58,493.26	\$50.00	58,543.26
Increase.....	\$434.33	\$2,321.55	\$2,502.71	\$50.00	\$2,552.71
Decrease.....	\$253.17

SUMMARY OF RECEIPTS EIGHT MONTHS

RECEIPTS	1923-24	1924-25	Increase	Decrease
Available for Appropriations.....	\$318,056.28	\$289,534.41	\$28,521.87
Designated by Contributors.....	55,990.55	58,543.26	\$2,552.71
TOTAL RECEIPTS.....	\$374,046.83	\$348,077.67	\$25,969.16

THE DANIEL HAND EDUCATIONAL FUND FOR COLORED PEOPLE

RECEIPTS FOR MAY, 1925.

Income for May from Investments.....	\$2,172.13
Previously acknowledged	47,217.04
	\$49,389.17

FORM OF A BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath the sum of dollars to The American Missionary Association, incorporated by act of the Legislature of the State of New York." The will should be attested by three witnesses.

CONDITIONAL GIFTS

Anticipated bequests are received on the Conditional Gift plan; the Association agreeing to pay an annual sum in semi-annual payments during the life of the donor or other designated person. For information, write The American Missionary Association.

CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

THE article, "The Farthest-reaching Kindergarten in the World," which appeared in the April number of this magazine, has been reprinted in leaflet form and may be had upon application free of charge.

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The recovery of Trinity Church in Detroit, Polish, from its discouragement of a few years ago deserves mention. From a membership of about thirty in less than four years it has grown to more than a hundred. The advance of the Armenian church in the same city is also a remarkable achievement.

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A many-sided ministry both to the natives and all other nationalities is being carried on by Rev. and Mrs. O. A. Stillman at Douglas, Alaska. The isolation and the craving for the ministries of religion may be guessed at when one learns of a father and mother coming by gas-boat with their dead baby, from their Fox Island farm a hundred and fifty miles away, in order that it might have Christian burial.

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The Pacific Conference missionary, Rev. G. Graedel, whose many years seem to rest lightly upon him, continues to give his valued services to the German churches of the Pacific Northwest, fostering the feeble ones until they attain strength and organizing others.

Our German churches, being largely rural, have been adversely affected economically during the year recently closed. Drought, also, has tended to depress the people. Yet their courage is undaunted.

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Mrs. Pratt of Ellis Island, sends out an urgent appeal for the following equipment, now greatly needed in her work:

- 1 piano.
- 1 sewing machine.
- 2 good-sized dolls' houses.
- 2 sets of dolls' dishes (aluminum preferred).
- Shovels and pails for the sand pile.

The need is great. Can you help? Please communicate with Secretary Frank L. Moore, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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That we are living in a new day, due to the automobile and good roads, is evidenced by the unique experiment that was tried in Colorado in June. The State Conference accepted the invitation of the Collbran Larger Parish, the delegates reaching the Plateau Valley in a motor caravan. The route lay across the range, following the general line of the D. and R. G. Railway across Tennessee Pass and down the Grand River, reaching Collbran from DeBeque. This was the second time in the history of the State Conference that a meeting was held on the Western Slope.

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The bureau which serves to connect up immigrants with the churches in the communities to which they go, conducted under the care of the

Home Missions Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions, cared for eight hundred cases in March. As most of these were families, it means service to twenty-five hundred or more people. Reports received from the churches show the service is of value, though not all become at once locally interested. One pastor remarked of a family: "Family same as many other Hamburgers shows an inclination to an unchurchly altitude." At least, the service gives the pastor an opportunity to move toward the correction of such an "altitude."

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The third annual joint meeting of the New Mexico and Arizona Conferences, held in Phoenix in April, revealed the strength of the work as it is developing in the Southwest. It is seldom one sees a whole district so ably led. Nearly every one of the ministers is regarded as a leading citizen in his own place. The most important subjects discussed were related to the opportunities before us among the Spanish-speaking people and to the tuberculosis situation in both New Mexico and Arizona. The success of the gathering was due in no inconsiderable way to the fine leadership of Rev. J. C. Treat, who in his own church is ably seconded by Mr. J. B. Brown, Indian agent, and Mr. C. N. Boynton, leader of one of the largest troops of Boy Scouts of the city, that makes its headquarters at our church.

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A moving picture machine is greatly needed in El Paso, Texas, for "La Santisima Trinidad," the Mexican church. With their splendid new plant, the machine will add greatly to the efficiency of the work. Rev. S. L. Hernandez is now pastor. Dr. Heald earnestly hopes that the machine can be secured as soon as possible. It will be hard to estimate the good that can be done by the right use of such an outfit in this important mission work. There are children enough on the streets to fill the building most any time an entertainment is announced. The work is reaching people on both sides of the Border as laborers come and go. If you can help, communicate with Secretary Frank L. Moore, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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Work among the Latin-speaking people of the Southwest is rapidly entering upon a new era. A year ago Dr. Heald became superintendent for this Mexican work, on half time. It is more than suspected that the "half time" is really whole time, for Dr. Heald is intensely interested in this work. The point to be especially noted today, however, is that the work is taking on new strength in various quarters. "La Santisima Trinidad" in East El Paso is now ably led by Mr. Hernandez. Mr. Sandoval, well trained and capable, is in charge at Albuquerque and vicinity, and Mr. Moya is seeing the fruits of his labors in growing congregations and a great strengthening of the work in Gallup where a new building is nearly ready to dedicate.

The Beginning of the Lower Valley Church and Community Center

A GRATIFYING example of what people without a great deal of financial backing but with the willingness to work can accomplish is seen in the beautiful architectural structure housing the Lower Valley Church and Community Center a few miles below El Paso. This is how it began:

One afternoon, about three years ago, the pastor of the First Congregational Church in El Paso with his family who had recently moved down the valley, was listening to some other newcomers lamenting the lack of a suitable meeting place other than the jazzy public dance halls of Ysleta. They voiced the desire for a place where old and young could congregate for serious and frivolous neighborhood interests—a place centrally located and attractive to all ages where everyone in the family could have an interest, where the boys and girls could grow up with the opportunities of wholesome expression and constructive development—physical, mental, moral and spiritual—so necessary in the developing of useful American citizens, and where the fathers and mothers could get out of life some of the joys and experiences that early conditions had denied. A very modest idea was presented at first, a plan for a single unit with no fancy frills. After a canvass was made of that section of the valley now included within the limits of the Lower Valley Community Club, about a hundred children attending no Sunday School were found. As time went on the project reached more families and promised greater possibilities. Soon, the reports of quiet meetings of a few congenial neighbors began to leak out and not long after that the newspapers of El Paso and nearby towns got hold of the plan. Accordingly El Paso and valley realtors and other promoters who carry the development of the valley next to their hearts began to show a decided interest in the enterprise.

The possibility of a place to hold Sunday School and church services which would include all denominations, and where they could unite in friendly social intercourse and for community betterment, so fired the promoters with enthusiasm that the "epidemic" spread. More families joined in nurturing the idea until its growth was so widespread that the original plan involving an expenditure of possibly fifteen hundred dollars was discarded and the one-room affair expanded into an auditorium whose seating capacity doubled and trebled. About that time an architect in business in El Paso living down the valley joined the group and offered his services. Several building sites were offered but later rejected on the grounds that they were not large enough nor attractive enough for the plans proposed. After investigation the group, which had now become a definite organization, finally decided upon a tract of land cut from the beautiful Porcher estate lying between Porcher and Cadwallader interurban stations on the paved continental highway, known as "The Old Spanish Trail." Nearby the Rio Grande meanders along an ever-changing course—the boundary line between two countries. About three miles above Ysleta, the oldest settlement in historic Texas, the site faces a rapidly developing portion of the val-

ley, one acre and two acre and larger farms. Surrounded by green fields of alfalfa, orchards of various kinds, resting in the shade of immense cottonwoods that line the highway, stands the picturesque pueblo-pink mission structure whose soft lights and ample spaces extend a welcome to all who enter there.

One thousand dollars was paid for the land. Seven men of the valley acted as underwriters for the building, the minister, the architect and contractor who also belonged to the little band of promoters were included. Some of the same signers who pledged the instalments paid for the land, which goes to show the confidence they had in the success of the movement and the faith they had in the people of the community. The Church Building Society fulfilled its part of the agreement to aid with a loan of one thousand dollars and a grant of fifteen hundred dollars, the loan to be paid in ten years without interest, the amount advanced being one-third of the amount to be raised by the community. Through a member of the building committee an arrangement was made with an El Paso bank for a loan of fifty-five hundred dollars.

As in all enterprises and in all ages, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" and "The power behind the throne," is some woman, so in this movement the women did things. Organized into a money-making group they set as their goal the earning of one thousand dollars the first year. At the close of the club year in April the treasurer reported eleven hundred and twelve dollars besides donations amounting to over eight hundred dollars which included fixtures, furnishings, floor and table lamps, electric range, electric coffee urn, linen, china, silver and many minor articles. With the beginning of the new year in May the club reorganized with a threefold purpose: social welfare, community betterment and self-improvement.

On the evening of February 29, the Community Center opened its doors to the public for the first time, there being present about seven hundred persons of all ages. Officers and members of committees and their wives received the guests showing them through the building. Rev. W. H. Elfring, who had been the backbone of the project from the first intimation of its need, acted as master of ceremonies. After the formality of "turning over the keys," the origin and processes of the development of the idea into an ideal were sketched. Then Dr. Malcolm Dana of New York addressed the gathering on the subject of "The Community Center." W. H. Pelfrey, representing the legal end of the building committee, wittily explained the protective measures the men would have to adopt in order to save their wardrobes in the event of another rummage sale by the women. Music and refreshments followed in the auditorium.

The spacious auditorium, with well-equipped stage, artistically draped, and fringed curtain of natural color heavy material bordered with blue and gold metal cloth matching the wide window draperies on either side, is readily transformed into a dining room by the addition of long tables stored in the base-

ment under the stage. Here banquets, teas, chicken dinners, Mexican suppers and, occasionally, a fish fry are held. The chapel to the right and the parlor to the left balance the central unit. The parlor is furnished in exquisite taste with wicker and reed furniture upholstered to match the handsome valanced window draperies and soft velvet rugs. The wide oval cave-like fireplace, oil paintings done by recognized local artists, floor lamp and wall mirrors make an ideal setting for Wednesday afternoon meetings of the women and occasional night meetings of the men. Here the women plan money-making meals, rummage sales, hold meetings of the Sewing Club which terminate in a style show of work accomplished in the sewing classes conducted by an expert in millinery and dressmaking. Here the men hold business or social meetings or linger after various gatherings to play dominoes. On Sundays the adult Bible class meets in the parlor while the auditorium and chapel are turned over to the Sunday School classes and regular church services. The Girl Reserves and Boy Scouts with their numerous activities indoors and outdoors meet in the community center and arrange hikes, swimming parties, afternoon and night parties which the mothers and fathers are expected to chaperon. The Dramatic Club and Children's Choral Club rehearse here for plays, and for special song services when the children appear in white vestments. Here also the

Boys' Athletic Club line up their teams for games played on the field back of the building. A competent caretaker and his wife are in charge of building and grounds, living in a tiny bungalow in the rear. The doors of the Community Center are kept open to the public all day, so that impromptu parties or meetings can be arranged at any time.

During the recent second annual meeting of the Arizona conference and the New Mexico-West Texas conference with the First Congregational and Valley Churches, the valley took advantage of the presence in El Paso of some of the prominent men and women, ministers and delegates in the Congregational field of Christian labor to arrange a banquet at the Community Center followed by after-dinner speeches. The general subject was "The Community," those on the program discussing the different phases of the community center. Rev. Geo. J. Weber, of Albuquerque, spoke on "The Young People's Part"; Rev. Hugh S. MacKenzie, "The Men's Part;" and Dr. Ozora Davis gave a broad entertaining discussion of "What is a Christian Community." On the following Sunday, which was also Mother's Day, the night services were combined with the dedication of the Valley Church and Community Center, the dedicatory sermon being delivered by General Secretary Ernest M. Halliday, Rev. W. H. Elfring and Rev. Frank Hampton Fox of Oklahoma City assisting.



Stillwater Parish—Its Local Activities and Extension Work

By THEODORE S. COOLEY, *Absarokee, Montana*

UNDER the guidance of the Community Council, which was organized last fall, and which is representative of almost every interest, church, town, club, society and group in this valley, our work has shown local improvement and some expansion. Opposition has not been lacking, but the efforts to plant seeds of righteousness and morality throughout the community have been strong, energetic and worthwhile. There have been many evidences of the Spirit of Christ working in this group and the coming of his kingdom has been fostered in various ways.

For the sake of convenience this work has been divided into two phases: local and extension.

Local Activities

During the summer months the majority of our boys and girls worked out on the ranches, and accordingly our efforts were pretty much confined to trips of educational nature, with Daily Vacation Schools at five centers. One of the trips was for boys of high school age and was made to the copper mines at Butte. A visit was made to one of the mines and a six-hundred-mile camping trip enjoyed. This was the first real camping ex-

perience that had come to many of the boys and the auto ride through canyons and over the "divide" was quite a revelation to them.

Then the Camp Fire Girls spent a week at a beautiful mountain lake under Mrs. Cooley's guardianship. Several of the mothers were entertained at the camp and had an outing in the leader's new Ford car. This auto, a needed and welcome assistance from the Rhode

Island Woman's Home Missionary Union, has made possible the major part of the activities mentioned in this narrative, including a trip through Yellowstone National Park, which was made by some members of the Young People's Club. Another important role that the Ford played was to make possible the first young people's conference held in this section. After the state conference at Billings where five delegates were sent by the Council and various clubs it was decided to run a three-day conference of young people at East Rosebud Lake. It was set up by these delegates as a committee, and as most of the young people were busy during the summer harvesting, some parents even



THE HOLD-UP BEAR, YELLOWSTONE PARK

hired extra help so that their children could attend. There in the heights of the Rockies every care was forgotten while they entered enthusiastically into the study courses and the divine fellowship which only such a place furnishes in rare degree. Five high-idealed resolutions were passed by this conference, which in turn were recommended to the Community Council for action by the conference president. The Council gladly received and acted favorably upon the resolutions, and as one of the recommendations was to establish a Young People's Council to carry on and foster all young people's work under the supervision of the Community Council, the latter appointed a special committee of its number to set up this Council. The Young People's Council is a working fact and has already sponsored the budget for the community club room for 1925, selling shares at four cents a week to boys and girls, thus offering an entire week's responsibility for the club room to each yearly subscriber on that basis. The plan is working out very well.

Locally, five clubs or groups, three of which were organized last fall, are running for boys and girls and young people. The boys, both of and under scout age, are being given much scouting instruction. The regular scout troop now under the writer's personal supervision are busying themselves earning a radio set, and not for their own selfish interests alone. The younger boys of the "H and S" Club (help and smile) have fixed up a carpenter's bench and are receiving instruction in carpentering. Most of these nineteen boys are enrolled in the Sunday School also. They are encouraged in school, home and church to render service and live up to their motto.

The Blue Bird group of girls now numbers twenty-six and has had to be divided. The girls are working for honors very much on the basis of the Camp Fire group. Their program also calls for some sewing and cooking instructions. Again Mrs. Cooley is proving her worth to these plastic lives and establishing real Christian ideals.

The Young People's Club is putting on a play for community betterment. This club has a large committee working on a varied and comprehensive program for the first six months of 1925.

The newest group is the Junior Church, with twelve active and fourteen associate members, which meets every Sunday afternoon and is organized as a regular grown-up church, with officers, deacon, janitor and all. The Christian Endeavor idea is embodied, as they can hardly afford a pastor, and their pastoral committee appoints the leader for each service. The boys and girls are most keenly interested in their own church and are learning how to be successful in Christian work. It is a most practical form of training and is interesting them in worth-while things in life. Their own music committee selects and trains the choir, which has sung at the regular evening service of the older church. The boys and girls,—and the membership is about evenly divided between them,—are between the ages of eight and thirteen. Active membership means a definite stand to follow Christ. None of these twelve boys and girls had ever before

taken such a stand and after three weeks of that are starting a purposeful Christian life. The adult church committees continue to serve the community, two of these having put on the community Christmas celebration Christmas Eve.

The Extension Work

This work is most gratifying because we have reached a large number



CAMP FIRE GIRLS, ABSAROCKE, MONTANA

of people, old and young, whom we could not reach last year. The story of the Ford is written all through these lines, for extension work means travel to points all the way from three to twenty-eight miles distant from Absarokee. This work was opened up last summer by establishing Daily Vacation Schools at five centers, with two college girls conducting the same. Their efforts were followed up with the establishing of three Sunday Schools, two of which are run by local volunteer service. The community leader is carrying on Week Day Schools of Religion at the schoolhouses at Nye, twenty-eight miles up in the mountains; Dean, twenty-two miles away; and Beaver Creek, three miles out of town. In each school about twenty children are having the advantage of this club life and Bible School. A half hour of real Bible study is followed by a half hour of supervised club activities, such as play, music, and so on. Each group is organized with officers and conducts its own business session. Thus

practical Christian living and real Bible truths are brought weekly to four centers. The children are becoming interested in right living and in Jesus and his life.

Almost every Sunday afternoon sees the writer conducting a preaching and song service at Roscoe, fourteen miles away in another direction and every alternate Sunday morning a large number of people gather to worship God at Nye, some riding horseback for seven miles to attend even in bad weather. This last endeavor to bring the word of God to unreached numbers of people far away was on request and the response



Men's Work in a Rural Community

By REV. M. GUY VAN BUSKIRK, *Ontario Parish, Oneida, Illinois*

THERE is a secret for success in men's work in a rural parish. Simple as the statement may seem it is nevertheless true, though to reach the place where such work may be truly considered a success is often difficult indeed. The precept is easy, the practice, though difficult, is by no means impossible. The secret is this. The leader must understand the world, the economic conditions, the social relationships, the political alignments, the historical background, and the general community life of the group with which he is to deal. Then he must meet the common, everyday, human needs of the men—individual as well as collective—in terms of all these factors.

Much of our work with men fails for several reasons. Chief among these is that we try to do things *for* them. Men of worth do not enjoy having things done for them. They do not want to be carried about by someone else. They prefer to be saved by working in partnership with Jesus, the saviour of mankind. That old motto that hung upon the walls of my grandfather's home: "Work Out Your Own Salvation," was a good one and one we might well remember. No real man is satisfied with anything less.

In the second place, we often try to put over our pet programs without a careful study of the situation and a definite appraisal of the needs of our men. We simply say: "Now it would be just fine to do this or that" and "We surely ought to do this," without ever giving a serious thought to the actual conditions that obtain in the particular community into or upon which the program is to be projected.

Each group of men, large or small, represents a definite group need. It represents individual needs upon the part of each member as well. These needs may be clearly recognized by the men or they may be but unsatisfied longings to which they have never been able to give expression. But whatever the needs, for one will usually find several closely associated each with the other, as he carries out his investigation, unless the program suggested meets them fairly and squarely and brings satisfaction it will soon fail and be ready for the discard. Here is the answer to so many brilliant beginnings which end in dismal failure and chaos.

Let us think of specific instances. Take a community in which the economic conditions are such that a bare living is about the average of each family. Here the first and most imperative need of the community

has been gratifying to those interested in the effort.

One of the most crying needs for a wider service of this widespread community, separated from the railroad and the advantages of more populated towns and cities, is a radio which can be taken to different centers and thus bring the inspirational and educational facilities of lectures, sermons, music and agricultural talks to a somewhat isolated people. We hope that the time is not far distant when we can bring the outside world to the centers we would more liberally serve and thus use this as one of the "all means" by which in serving we may save unto eternal life.

is for a better economic life. The livelihood of the church, the school, or any other organization in a community, must necessarily fall back upon the ability of the wage earner of the family to meet the financial demands made upon that family. In such a community the church must help to raise the ideals, to better the methods, and to increase the per capita worth of the individuals who make up the community, at the same time keeping the relationship between God and man in the forefront of every plan and program.

In other places there is no need for such a program. The farmers are well-to-do and know how to make their soil produce well. They are members of farmers' organizations and are up-to-date on all the matters that pertain to modern farming. But they have grown careless and indifferent about their schools and churches and have no community pride or high standards of community morals. In such a place the approach and the program builded must be of an entirely different nature than those used in the first place. The background emphasis, if such it may be called, of relationship between God and man must be the same, but the channels through which it is given expression will be in greatly different terms than those used in the first community cited.

Perhaps still another factor needs consideration. One often hears rural work discussed as if it were something entirely apart from the general work of the church. This is not true. The man who wears overalls and the one who wears a business suit to his work are much the same underneath the exterior appearances.

"A man's a man for a' that and a' that."

There may be a difference in the philosophy of life and something of a difference in modes and manner of expression but each is essentially human. The man in the country has been called an individualist and he is. He responds rather slowly to suggestions for organization and is sometimes slow to sense the worth of a given project. He does respond to the call of community pride, however, and once he has thought a matter through and decided to get in behind it, you may count upon him to the limit of his ability to serve.

The individuality of the farmer offers the church a great opportunity. It is the opportunity to carry on a social program through which he may be helped and the gospel preached to him. The farmer is a lonely man. Most of his work is done by himself, or, at

best, with the companionship of another man or two for a part of the time. He is hungry for social relationship. It must, however, be supplied in a nature peculiar to the atmosphere in which the farmer lives. The two matters just considered must be kept ever before us here. The social needs of the farmer must be met, as has already been said, in terms of his needs in this regard. The greatest sermons which the church has to preach may be, one is tempted to say, *must* be, lived into the hearts of her people through the social gospel. This is true of city and country alike.

The farmer also needs an opportunity for mental reaction on a man-to-man basis. Most of his thinking is done while he is about his work and so almost entirely alone. This usually means that he looks at but one side of the matter in mind because the challenge of group thinking and argument is absent. He is tempted, and often falls before the temptation, as do many of us, to make his decision in terms of the conditions immediately surrounding him and without thought of that relationship which he bears, and that which his business bears, to the world without.

All of which leads to another and equally vital thought which ever must be in the forefront of our thinking as we plan for work with men in a rural

community. The country man demands a gospel dealing with his everyday tasks and with the life he lives. He is satisfied with nothing less than a red-blooded, square-shouldered, two-fisted, challenging gospel. He is accustomed to facing hard tasks and difficult problems day after day. He earns his livelihood by a veritable physical struggle with mother earth and with the other elements of our physical universe. He pits his brawn and brain against the ruthless forces of nature in order to win the measure of economic independence into which he hopes to come. He is acquainted with hard tasks and difficult problems from first-hand knowledge. And he is familiar with a certain degree of victory. Talk to him of a weak, vacillating Christ or of one who dealt in effeminate terms and continually thought and spoke of a fantastic glory world—as we have often been guilty of doing—and his interest quickly wanes, if indeed it ever be aroused.

Yes, there is a secret of success in men's work in a rural parish. It will be found by those who seek to understand the myriad interests and relationships that lie back of every rural group and then apply plenty of good common-sense and the virile, living gospel of the Lord Jesus to the problems that appear from day to day.

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The German Mission Festival

By H. OBENHAUS

THE German-speaking churches of the various Protestant denominations, including our own, have some time-honored and distinctive institutions. One of the better known being that of the confirmation class, adopted now in a modified form by a number of our progressive English-speaking churches as the pastor's class. Another, perhaps not so well known, is the "Missionsfest" or Mission-festival. It is generally observed in the autumn when the crops have been gathered, for most of our churches are in the rural districts. Not infrequently, therefore, it is combined with a harvest home festival. But the dominant note is the missionary appeal. This is not unlike the missionary sermon and the "missionary concert" of former days.

The church some weeks previously decides whom to invite as the speaker, or speakers, for this occasion. Sometimes the pastor is his own missionary speaker.

Yet the common practice is to have some one else present the subject, in order to hear a new voice, to strike a new note, in the appeal for our missionary enterprises.

The invited speaker may be a neighboring pastor, or he may come from a longer distance. Frequently the Home Missionary Superintendent or some other official is invited. I spoke upon seven such occasions during the past autumn.

The day is announced some time beforehand, and on this occasion the speaker is expected to present the various phases of home and foreign missions, in the morning, afternoon and evening. Nor are the Sunday School and the Young People's Society forgotten. If he has the strength he must speak to them also. They are expected to contribute as organizations to the general offerings, and they usually take pride in swelling the total amount. If, as is frequent, more than one speaker is invited, they take turns in addressing the various gatherings of the church. Should the day prove unpropitious then there is a "Nachlese" or after-gleaning, for it is expected that everyone will participate in the giving, and the result usually is gratifying, even in these days of low prices for farm products and high ones for the manufactured articles which the farmers must buy. The gifts by one of our larger parishes, as for instance Parkston, South Dakota, have totaled not infrequently considerably more than a thousand dollars. The last offering was eleven hundred dollars.

The spirit of friendly rivalry also is frequently present. Emulation sometimes accounts for the fact that each church is endeavoring to do its best, for the sums given are eventually published in the "Kirchenbote," our church organ, together with an account



PHILADELPHIA GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
RITZVILLE, WASHINGTON

of the event, and they ultimately will appear in the Year Book. So, for instance, Odessa, Washington, "Pilgrim," reported five hundred dollars, while Odessa, "Matthaeus," could only report four hundred and fifty-eight dollars. This may, however, be reversed in the coming year. In the same way Ritzville, Washington, "Zion," accounted for four hundred and twelve dollars, while Ritzville, "Philadelphia" church went considerably beyond this, with six hundred and thirty-seven dollars. This emulation is justified by Hebrews 10:24, "Consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."

While I have not all the figures on hand for this last autumn I think the little church of Bethune, Colorado, for some years past has deserved the palm as one of the largest givers, proportionately, with its membership of sixty, and still receiving some missionary aid. Its last missionary offering amounted to three hundred and thirty dollars.

By way of comparison, looking back to 1915, our German churches had fourteen hundred plus members and gave to Congregational missions eight thousand one hundred and sixty dollars plus. In 1922 they,

with a membership of nineteen thousand plus, gave sixteen thousand plus, just double the former amount.

Besides this they gave more than sixty-four thousand dollars, which went largely to their starving people in Russia and Germany. When this will be no longer necessary we may look for largely increased gifts for missions from them.

In these days when the Commission on Missions is suggesting new ways and means by which to stir up our Congregational churches to larger proportionate giving, and rightly so, we Germans hesitate somewhat to change our older method of raising the funds needed for our common work, when this time-honored way, as outlined, has not been void of results. And we seriously question the wisdom of introducing new methods, much as they may

appeal to us in this new day. But we are feeling our way along, in the effort to coordinate our method with others proposed. After all, it is not the method that is important, but the result achieved, which is the more rapid development of the kingdom of our Lord.

The Promotional Department of the Commission on Missions has gladly acknowledged the wisdom of our adhering to a custom so dear to our hearts.



GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
NORTH MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The Harvest of the Years

By REV. JOHN COWMAN, Rockland, Idaho

IF I were going to write a book I would give it the title which appears above. It would be a book made up of the common-place things of life and about plain people, which perhaps would not be of interest to that large class of the human family who are always looking for thrills. I have witnessed some things in the lives and experiences of these plain folks that to me were far more interesting than anything in the mining camps and other places in the West where the fiction writers get their material to feed the multitude.

In the harvest of the years I have spent in this community I have seen people meet some of the hardest problems of life unflinchingly. They have faced difficulties that were overwhelming without a murmur or complaint. I have seen crops fail until it would seem that the stoutest heart must be discouraged; but when the planting season came around again they had plowed their fields and planted just as many acres and were just as hopeful as ever. I have seen people with all a finished education would give, who had never known the lack of money, meet these crop failures and all the adversities that come in their wake, until they did not know where actual necessities were coming from, and then take up the burden of daily toil on the ranch. And in and through

all these things I have seen developing the most noble and sterling characteristic of manhood and womanhood—a far richer harvest than any the golden wheat fields could produce. During all these trying years there was one thing that stood by like a great ship firmly anchored, ready to help and give encouragement, holding out hope no matter how the storm raged, and that was the church. I have also seen this fine harvest ripen into young manhood and womanhood in the children who are now out to take their places in the great field of life—going in the calm, determined, steady way characteristic of those who are accustomed to meeting the difficulties of life and overcoming them.

They are also going out with the religious convictions they would never have known but for the church and the faithful souls who have contributed to its support.

Another rich harvest of the years is the abiding satisfaction I find in the knowledge of what has been given. It seemed but little, still it was a seed dropped on what at times appeared barren soil. Yet it took root and has borne rich fruitage in moulding character.

We find the richest harvest of all in the realization of the words of the Master, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A Bit of Rural Church History

By REV. G. N. EDWARDS

Gaining a Fund and Losing a Congregation. Losing a Fund and Winning a Congregation

CENTRAL Howell, Oregon, has had a rather unusual history in its eighteen years of existence. It lies in an attractive farming and fruit-raising country between Salem and Silverton, at a crossroads with no school or store in the immediate vicinity, with farms of two hundred to three hundred acres each quartering at these corners. A mile away in all directions the holdings are smaller.

Near the time of its beginning one rather well-to-do woman felt that a good community church should be built here and gave most of the money for its erection. Later she left a fund of eleven thousand dollars to build a parsonage and for endowment.

With the passing of the benefactress many of the families moved away and the church dwindled. A good sized parsonage was built in 1915, only to remain empty year after year. No pastor was in charge, the pulpit was supplied by Methodist theologues from the seminary at Salem, at the expense of the fund. The church had been incorporated, but the trustees administered the fund, using it to pay all the expenses of church and Sunday School that might arise. Nothing was raised by the people. After the parsonage had been paid for the fund decreased four thousand dollars in four years through expenses.

The Home Missionary Superintendent raised the question as to the dissipation of funds and the members resented the interference. The church came near being dropped from the Conference roll of Congregational churches. The few resident members left were dominated by teachings of the Holiness type. There was not much in the way of a Sunday School, except a Bible class, which gathered to hear the Bible expounded by a lay teacher of the Pentecostal faith. So there came about an endowed church without a pastor and with a congregation that had dwindled to two families and the exhorter.

Then over two years ago a new

factor arrived on the scene. Rev. Clayton Judy was asked to become pastor of this church, together with the new organization at Silverton, a thriving town five miles away. Silverton gave him a warm welcome, but had no parsonage. The active members at Central Howell reluctantly agreed to let him have the use of the parsonage without salary, from them, only receiving the income from the depleted fund rather than allowances from the capital.

His main task was to find a congregation. The peculiar doctrines taught in the church in the later years had cut off the members from the community. The few on the inside considered nothing religious except Bible study as they conducted it; those outside had no interest in such doctrines nor any desire to worship with those who professed them.

Mr. Judy was fortunate in his family. If they were alone there was still enough for a meeting. Sometimes a little Sunday School of a dozen would be gathered; sometimes it was a family conclave. But the family was doubly useful. They had gifts for drama, song and recitation. Community meetings were tried on Saturday nights. A program of entertainment, singing and Bible study was given. The people came; the members stayed away. No such things should be done under the church roof. The meetings were held in the unfinished basement. The neighborhood came to these fortnightly meetings; the members came to church on Sunday. Fifty or seventy-five often attended Saturday evening; few of them ventured out on Sunday.

The pastor and family joined the church. Finally, a few months ago, the outsiders began to feel there was a church here for them, and nineteen agreed to unite with it, coming from eight families. The pastor visited the treasurer to tell him of the promised accessions and receive the quarterly check. The



CENTRAL HOWELL CHURCH



SCHOOLHOUSE NEAR CENTRAL HOWELL

treasurer took this occasion to tell the pastor that his services were no longer needed. The pastor declined to be dismissed by the treasurer. The new members were duly and regularly received and the former members passed away,—by receiving the letters which they promptly asked for, and once more a church was functioning for the people rather than for the elect.

The pastor now has a Sunday night service, with an average attendance of fifty, preceded by an evening Sunday School running as high as sixty-four. The Saturday evening community programs have not been regular this winter. The people now come to church Sunday evening. Community clubs are quite numerous in this section; they have a monthly federated

meeting, usually held in some rural church. The community club of Central Howell associated with the church gave a play recently which netted one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the budget.

This organization has some ecclesiastical neighbors started in the days when every little denominational group felt it must



METHODIST CHURCH, NORTH HOWELL

have a church of its own kind. A mile north is a little Methodist church. The day school near by has over a hundred pupils, but the church has given up its services and the Sunday School for lack of interest and attendance. Now the families are going to Central Howell, with its much better building and resident minister.

A little over two miles west is another little center. A two-room school and a tiny United Brethren church, started many years ago but now asking to be relieved of the responsibility of supporting a pastor. One or two of its families have found their way to Central Howell. About three miles northwest is a newer community lying by an old lake bed, where hundreds of acres of onions are raised. During the summer season hundreds of people come and camp in order to work on the onion beds. Here is another day school, but no church. It, too, could be served by one central

church with a parish large enough to give it a support, a congregation and a modern program.

This Congregational church, unusually endowed financially, proved unequal to its lone denominational task, and lost even that which it had by giving nothing to the community. Now with its funds seriously impaired, it is beginning to find itself and slowly regain the power of giving. It can prove the value of a community church in the country even without a village at hand, because the people are losing their devotion to a separative denominationalism and are willing to turn to a church at the geographical center, with a plant, a leader and a friendly group of people as its nucleus. Central Howell has just room enough to accommodate all the people in a three-and-a-half-mile radius. Ten miles west is Salem, drawing to itself as a city will. Five miles east is Silverton, with growing suburbs. Four to six miles away are small churches, doing fairly well with their more immediate communities, but in Central Howell there is a future



HAZEL GREEN UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH

for the church already equipped, if the little dying churches will unite, pool their resources, enlist their young people and develop the moral and religious life of the whole community.

Now the minister has to divide himself between this awakening work and his Silverton church. With a community consolidated it would require a

man's whole time. It could add to its plant, on the ample ground provided, a community house. It could then develop a young people's program, religious education and social service for the countryside. The pastor already travels eight hundred miles a month, but a great deal of it has to be back and forth between his churches. How much better that he should travel back and forth among his people, building up the Kingdom for Christians of every name, uniting those once divided by passing shibboleths into a fellowship cemented by common worship and mutual service.

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Our Norwegian churches in Maple Valley and Pulcifer, Wisconsin, have been almost entirely Americanized. A Norwegian pastor is needed still for occasional services, funerals, and sometimes weddings. The churches at Clintonville and Navarino are changing

similarly. Both these groups are yoked with English-speaking churches, so the pastors must speak English fluently, as well as satisfy in their native language the needs of the older people and those of an occasional newcomer who settles among them.

An Opportunity That Is a Challenge

By REV. S. H. HERBERT, *Arriba, Colorado*

ARRIBA, Colorado, is on the plains. Many people think that to be in Colorado is to be in the midst of mountains, but this is not true of eastern Colorado, where the prairies stretch as far as the eye can see, and the mountains are not visible except at dawn or sunset, when they appear as blue outlines on the western horizon.

Because Arriba is on the plains it serves a large area. The mail carriers from the Arriba post office cover a territory approximately thirty miles north and south by ten miles east and west, or three hundred square miles. In all that territory there is only one church outside the town of Arriba, a Dunker church which has been without a pastor for nearly six months and will probably be pastorless for another six months to come, though a Sunday School is maintained when the weather and roads permit.

Until recently ours has been the only English church in the town. Within the past three months an evangelist of the strongly sectarian type has held meetings in the community and persuaded a number of people that there was only one certain way to enter the kingdom of heaven and that was the way he offered, a way in which emphasis was laid, not on moral character and the life of love, but on a certain rite. As a result a church has been organized whose chief asset is numbers. What the permanent results of this new movement will be time alone can tell. Needless to say, the division of the forces of the community for the time being does not make the work of our organization any easier.

Our church was organized in 1895, when there were but few houses on the prairie. The church building was erected in 1910, and the parsonage a few years later. The parsonage was overhauled and repainted inside and out last year by the Ladies' Aid Society. This spring they are installing a water-pumping plant. The Sunday School, which is the pride of the community, and one of the best graded schools in the state, outside the large cities, has outgrown the capacity of the church and is clamoring for more room, either through an addition to the church or a separate building that can also be used for social and recreational purposes. At present the senior division of the Sunday School meets in the parsonage, which, incidentally, does not have a tendency to lighten

the work for the pastor's wife on Sunday morning.

The present pastor came to the Arriba church in August, 1924. "The people had a mind to work" and the record of the months of his pastorate is one of progress. A survey of the immediate village was made in the fall and every family given a personal invitation to attend church and Sunday School. The Every Member Canvass was put on as fully as the weather and roads would permit. At the annual meeting in January the treasurer reported enough money on hand to meet all obligations, with a small balance over. From December 10 to January 25 the country

roads were almost impassable because of drifted snow—the rural mail carriers being able to make only part of their rounds—so it was unfair to expect country people to get to church often, or the pastor to make many country calls, but the attendance at all services was maintained at a good average.

With the help of his car, which in this case is not a missionary Ford but a second-hand Buick which the missionary himself purchased for the price of a new Ford, it has been possible to secure the attendance of two delegations of boys from his Sunday School class to older boys' conferences and to give an evening's pleasure and instruction in several of the outlying



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ARRIBA, COLORADO

districts, using an acetylene stereopticon outfit and slides loaned by one of our missionary societies or the state university.

Two groups of boys from the Sunday School have been organized as boys' clubs—one as Pioneers and the other as Friendly Indians, using programs of activity worked out by the Young Men's Christian Association. The effect of these clubs is seen in more interest in Sunday School and more regular attendance at church by the boys. Plans are under way for a Father and Son banquet during May and the sending of a half-dozen boys to a Young Men's Christian Association camp near Pikes Peak. A vacant block near the church has been secured for use as a community playground, and tennis courts, a volley ball court, a diamond for playground ball, and grounds for croquet, horseshoe pitching and other games are being laid out.

The missionary's wife is an indispensable aid in the pastoral work and the music of the church. She also teaches a class of girls in the Sunday School. A major surgical operation in November kept her out of the

work for three months, and her presence was sorely missed. She is recovering her strength, and hopes for better health than before.

Special services were held during Passon Week, culminating in a sunrise prayer meeting Easter morning. The people of the community were skeptical about the sunrise prayer meeting, even though it was announced for six-thirty, an hour after sunrise, but when Sunday morning came every one was surprised to see an audience of fifty-seven in a town of only three hundred and fifty population, and the inspiration of the meeting will not be forgotten for at least a year. At the Easter communion service a half-dozen young people, ranging in ages from nine to sixteen, pledged their lives to the service of Christ and his church. This makes a total of twenty-two members received during the present pastorate of whom twelve came on confession of faith.

The missionary feels that this field offers an opportunity that is a challenge—an opportunity to demonstrate a Christianity that is broader than sectarian

lines and that will serve the whole community, both town and country, in ways that make for clean, wholesome, normal living according to the law of love. He hopes that he may be privileged to remain on the field through a period of years and help to work out the answer to the challenge.



PASTOR AND BOYS' CLUB, ARRIBA

A Lost Opportunity

By MRS. MINNIE J. DICKINSON, *Wilder, North Dakota*

IT was such a tiny house set up on a hill, back from the road. One wondered where, when night came on, the father and mother stowed away all the little ones that played around the door-step on bright sunny days.

The missionary had noticed that two of the older children had attended Sunday School during the summer and several times had felt that she must call at the little house. However, the sandy road up the hill was hot, the dust was deep, the stones were sharp, and after tramping country roads four or five miles each day it was easy to put off that visit until a more convenient season. Moreover, she was dependent upon others to take her to and from her field of labor during the summer months.

Finally, one October day, when she had her own conveyance and could come and go at will, she was driving past the little house and a voice seemed to say, "Call on them today." She promised herself she would go at the very next opportunity.

A week later she found the family was moving away. She deeply regretted having let that chance to visit them go by. For days the little house stood empty,

doors and windows open to the wind and rain, and its very emptiness reproached her every time she passed that way.

In December word came to her that a poor family just across the Snake River had been burned out. Would the good people of Fargo send money, clothing, bedding and household furnishings to help in this time of need? The mother, in trying to save her two babies, had been badly burned, as were also the babies. Help must be sent at once if the lives of these unfortunates were to be saved.

The Fargo people responded generously and sent all that could be spared from their own scanty stores. Everything was done that could be done. But one December night, when earthly choirs were singing of the Christ Child, the little Mormon mother with her wee-burned baby slipped away from earthly things.

The missionary's heart was filled with sorrow when she learned that it was this burned-out family who had lived in the little house on the hill the previous summer; and whenever she lifts her eyes to it as she passes by, she seems to hear the words, "Lost opportunity."

The Negro Migration

The migration of Negroes from the South continues, not in such vast, surging waves as in 1915-16, to be sure, but in a steady stream from the country's only source of raw labor supply. Two general truths stand out: the Negro is here to stay and in the main he has made good. Religious and social forces are making every effort to help the newcomer consolidate his position. He is subject to every problem to which the newcomer is heir. His main problem, however, is that of readjustment to the other people of his new environment. Taking a leaf from the notebook of the inter-racial movement in the South, the North today

is forming race commissions in many large centers, notably Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and Cincinnati. Some of the largest group meetings of this character have been held in the last few months. In this most necessary movement the Congregational churches lead. This call for program, for intelligent leadership, for a broad social, economic and community outlook, finds a ready response in our churches. It is no exaggeration to say that our churches and pastors in Greater New York, Springfield, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and New Haven, stand in the very front rank of this new religious and social pioneering.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY

City Frontiers

By WILLIAM W. LEETE, D.D.

THE strongholds of the early church were in the city. The name of the man who lived in the country was the Latin word which in our English speech means pagan. For it was in the crowded town that the preacher first spoke the message that has since given life to the world. Notwithstanding the present distribution of church agencies and the prevalence of universal education the city church has still in it possibilities not open to the church in the country.

The Building Society cannot but be sensitive to the appeal of such churches and the story of some of them has in it all the thrill and romance that can be found in regions that are "wild and woolly." Where local extension societies exist the National Society has supplemented their efforts and the two working together have put many churches into positions of leadership they could never have otherwise secured. In Greater New York, fifty-five such churches have been assisted; in Boston, nineteen; in Chicago, sixty-three; in Cleveland, twenty; in St. Paul, nineteen; in Minneapolis, twenty-one; in Seattle, fourteen; in Los Angeles, twenty-five; in Washington, D. C., seven; in Portland, Oregon, twenty; in San Francisco and the Bay Association, twenty-four.

More than one-half of our population live in the city. Thither are flocking people who once made the strength of the rural church and there, too, are the masses of men of all races and types of thought. Such a field is in every sense of the word a missionary field whose spiritual needs challenge every power of the Christian church. While never neglecting the call of the rural field the Building Society has been happy in the service it could render in the city.

Last March the Ocean Avenue Church of Brooklyn, New York, held services in rededication of its enlarged plant and the event is worthy of more than ordinary mention. The accompanying pictures show the parsonage and parish house side by side, and the

meeting-house enlarged into a handsome Gothic structure. But the story of how the church has advanced to this point of success is far more interesting than a description of its material structures. The man whirling down Ocean Avenue today in his automobile can hardly believe that only twenty years ago the territory from Avenue G southward was mainly farming land broken here and there by woods and with dwelling houses few and far between. In 1902 Rev. C. Thurston Chase, then pastor of the Flatbush Congregational Church,—itself one of the most pronounced successes built up out of similar conditions,—finding

in this region children who could with difficulty reach his own church, established a Sunday School in Manhattan Terrace. It met in an unfinished house. The women of the region formed themselves into a social club. Soon after came prayer meetings held from house to house. Then preaching Sunday afternoons by Pastor Chase and early in 1903 was organized the Manhattan



OCEAN AVENUE CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Terrace Congregational Church with thirty-one charter members. Its name was changed September 26, 1903, to the name by which it is now known, the Ocean Avenue Congregational Church. The lack of buildings occasioned frequent movings from house to house and at the close of the meeting it was not always safe to announce where the next meeting would be. Conditions within and without were very trying. It was hard to find anything better than a cinder path to walk on; in fact, some carried a path to church along with them; that was in the shape of a piece of board by which to pass over bog holes. After rains the collection of rubbers lost the night before became a necessary occupation. One of the last houses to be used for meetings was the old homestead pictured on these pages.

The New York Home Missionary Society, which with the Manhattan Brooklyn Conference was in full sympathy with this church in its formative years,

early assigned to it as acting pastor Rev. Claude M. Severance, but its first formally called pastor was Rev. Lewis H. Johnston a student from Hartford Theo-

and yet from the first it has been raised in increased amounts until the outlay in 1924 was fifty thousand one hundred and twenty-six dollars, and the church owns the property estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. In its very first year this church recognized the duty of stewardship. It did not wait to be rich before it gave. It gave from its first scanty treasury twenty-five dollars to Congregational benevolences. In 1924 these gifts reached the splendid total of five thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars.

Remembering all this history our readers will examine the accompanying pictures with especial interest. Under the hands of architects Allen and Collins of Boston the former church building takes its place now in a Gothic church structure conveniently adapted for Sunday School and social work and what is lacking in this building is supplied by the parish house placed near to the parsonage. The church interior incites to reverence and worship and the chancel and the new art glass windows help to this end. The seating

capacity of the church auditorium is six hundred and that of the social rooms downstairs is four hundred. The attendance of the people already taxes the capacity of this building.

But does anyone suppose that this church would have experienced this quick growth and come to this commanding place of influence without the cooperating benevolent agencies of the denomination? The early leaders wrought nobly. For instance, in January, 1905 they purchased a church site for eight thousand dollars, leaving a mortgage upon it of six thousand five hundred dollars, and six men signed a note pledging their own property as guarantee for the payment and yet the families of the parish numbered at that



INTERIOR, OCEAN AVENUE CHURCH

logical School, and the date of the call was September 12, 1904. On February 25, 1908, this pastorate ended and in the interim before the coming of Rev. Edward Payson Armstrong in December, 1908, the work was led by Rev. Samuel W. King, assistant to Dr. Boynton in the Clinton Avenue Church. At the close of Rev. Mr. Armstrong's pastorate Rev. Ernest M. Halliday was ordained to the Christian ministry and installed pastor October 14, 1913, and in this position he led and shared the life of the people which grew in strength with each passing year. In the spring of 1922 Rev. Mr. Halliday was called to be the General Secretary of the Congregational Church Extension Boards. The present pastor is the Rev. George Mahlon Miller, who entered upon his duties September 1, 1922. On arriving he found that the church of thirty-one had become three hundred and sixty-five with a Sunday School of two hundred and sixty-nine; and yet within three years that number has mounted to five hundred and twenty-eight and the Sunday School numbers four hundred and seventy-eight.

That the early days of this church were days of darkness and frequent discouragements goes without saying; the old "church in the house" arrangement was very uncomfortable. The first pastor states that he lived upstairs while the janitor lived in the barn. And this same janitor was more often filled with the spirits of fruit than he was with the fruits of the spirit. Often did loyal bands shovel ashes, dig trenches, pull down cobwebs and polish windows. Money too was hard to get



PARSONAGE AND PARISH HOUSE, OCEAN AVENUE CHURCH

time but fifteen. But almost as important at another hour was a loan from the Congregational Church Building Society of six thousand five hundred dollars,

financial relief but infused into the heart of this church the sense of God's call to a holy and united task which is worth far more than any amount of money.



OLD HOMESTEAD USED AS MEETING HOUSE

and a grant of three thousand five hundred, which enabled the trustees to lift the loan of ten thousand dollars made by the Dime Savings Bank in 1912. Supplementary loans and grants by the Building Society and the City Extension Society gave not only

There are scores of suburban or city churches that need just such large and early aid. They occupy a territory that is as truly new as the stations on western plains to which we first voted aid. And on these city frontiers must be expended many times the amount of money that could reasonably be called for in the other cases. The initial cost of land and of city improvements is just as great a handicap to a little group of people acquiring their homes in a city suburb as is the burden resting on the ranchman who builds his modest structure on free soil. Furthermore, a worthy meeting-house that becomes a good religious home in many communities would in the city be a failure. Instead of drawing men to worship it would rather excite distrust in the promoters of the enterprise and even contempt for religion itself. The National Society is

called upon to reinforce strongly the newer undertakings in the city and it cannot decline. Churches supported there will touch the lives of thousands, and by and by, in money, they will repay the debt a hundred fold.

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The Japanese Church of Christ, Salt Lake City, Utah

By REV. CARL STACKMAN, *Western District, Field Secretary*



REV. KENGO
TAJIMA

SUNDAY, May 17, was a day of great rejoicing among the Japanese of the Intermountain Region in that it marked the dedication of the recently completed building for the Japanese Church of Christ.

This movement has been made possible by the heartiest cooperation of the American people of the city, and by the united efforts of the various denominational bodies, for it is a union work and the Congregational Church Building Society and the Presbyterian Extension Boards have made large contributions of aid and the American residents of the city have contributed about five thousand dollars. While this is true, the great credit for the achievement lies with the Japanese themselves for they have raised among themselves more money

than anyone deemed possible and in addition to the attractive church building, toward which they raised more than three thousand dollars, they have also purchased a fine piece of property in the same block which is to be used as a manse and as a dormitory for students, of whom there are a good many in the university. Such a home for these young men seemed absolutely necessary but it took considerable courage to make the venture of the purchase in the face of the heavy load undertaken for the church building.

The church building has an attractive auditorium

that will seat about one hundred and fifty but which can be enlarged by an additional chapel at the side to seat over two hundred. In the basement are adequate Sunday School facilities and a kitchen is provided for social affairs. The appearance of the entire plant is a credit to the work and it compares quite favorably with the Buddhist Temple which is just across the street and next to the dormitory and parsonage.

The dedication services were presided over by the pastor, Rev. Kengo Tajima, a Yale graduate, who has commended himself most favorably to the citizens of Salt Lake and who commands their highest respect for his leadership. He has labored untiringly during the past two years to accomplish the building of the church



SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRLS

and he has drawn about himself the best of the Japanese residents of the entire region. Congregationalism was well represented by the presence of Rev.

Hubert C. Herring of the Social Service Department, Rev. G. W. Hinman of the American Missionary Association, Superintendent C. S. Rice of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, and Rev. Carl Stackman, of the Congregational Church Building Society, and by the local pastors and several laymen who have had an active part in raising the funds and are now our representatives upon the Board of Trustees.

Luncheon was served at noon on the tennis court at the rear of the church, and the scene was much enlivened by the oriental costumes of the waiters.

The speakers for the occasion all felt the importance of the cooperation that has been shown in this successful enterprise and the significance of the close fellowship in Christian service among the Japanese and Americans. Such movements are tremendous strides of progress in better race relations.



JAPANESE CHURCH OF CHRIST, SALT LAKE CITY



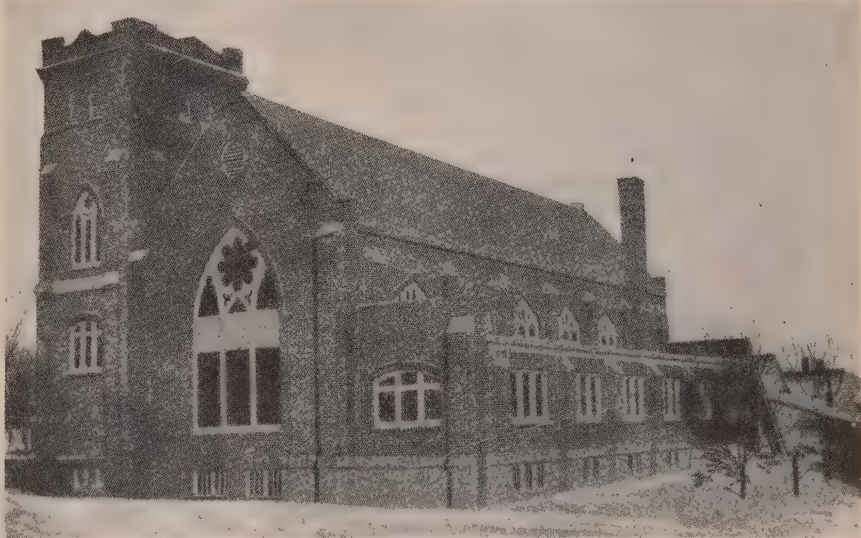
“Way Up North”

IN this number of *THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY* we are noticing four distinct types of work done in four separate sections of the country. To the east is the city work in Greater New York. Far to the west in Utah is the new building for the Japanese. Almost on the tip of Florida is our response to the Congregational development at Coral Gables. And on this page we push north to the Great Lakes and see the fine piece of work which has been done at Eagle River, Wisconsin.

This town is the county seat of Vilas County and that county constitutes the largest and most urgent responsibility for missionary extension in Northern Wisconsin. It is eighty miles long and fifty or sixty miles wide. All of the evangelical denominations except the German Lutherans and Episcopalians have recognized this big county as a Congregational responsibility and have refrained from church planting and building there. For years the Congregationalists have maintained the little Sunday Schools and the preaching points all over the county for the benefit of settlers who came to found homes on what has been the cheaper lands. Several of the settlements are made up of foreign peoples, as the Finns, Bohemians, Croatians and Scandinavians. Others are of pure American stock but most all of the people are poor

and the work done among them must be done without hope of financial return at least for many years to come.

Eagle River is a town of twelve hundred population and with as many people more within a radius of three miles. It is made up of a very different set of people from those above referred to. It includes business men of ability, lumbermen, storekeepers, bankers and mill managers. And it is the center from which life of all kinds will extend through the county. For that reason the Building Society has cooperated to the fullest extent in helping the church to its new house of worship and in renovating the old building so that it could serve as a parsonage. Congregationalists



NEW CHURCH AT EAGLE RIVER, WISCONSIN

there have long been in need of better quarters, and when Mr. A. H. Stange, a wealthy lumberman, proposed a gift of five thousand dollars on condition that a building costing twenty-five thousand dollars or more should be erected and when his wife offered in addition a thirty-five-hundred-dollar organ, the moment seemed to have arrived for the forward drive which has resulted not only in the new church plant costing thirty-five thousand five hundred dollars but also in the parsonage valued at seven thousand dollars. Nearly one-quarter of this outlay will be covered by grants and loans from the Congregational Church Building Society. The dedication of this building occurred in February, although ground was not broken for the church until the last of August. The services called out a glad public for the church building is considered a real community asset, and will foster features of work done elsewhere by the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association organizations, and which had heretofore been lacking.

Rev. Edwin A. Ralph of Elcho preached the dedication sermon, having done much to promote the plans

for building while serving as acting pastor last summer. Superintendent John W. Wilson of Appleton delivered an address in the evening while former pastors and friends assisted in further services of rejoicing through the week.

This substantial building of the Gothic type can but speak a message of assurance to all who think of the higher values of life. The nave and choir cover thirty by eighty feet. Through the tower, fourteen by forty-six feet high, one passes into the main auditorium as well as down to a well-equipped basement room. Sunday School and social rooms are at the tower end of the building and above them is a room for the primary department. By opening these rooms and the aisle-transept, space is provided for a congregation of four hundred people. The use of the basement is offered free to any community organization. The windows of the church are of amber colored cathedral glass; the interior is finished in tan shades and the wood work is of dark oak.



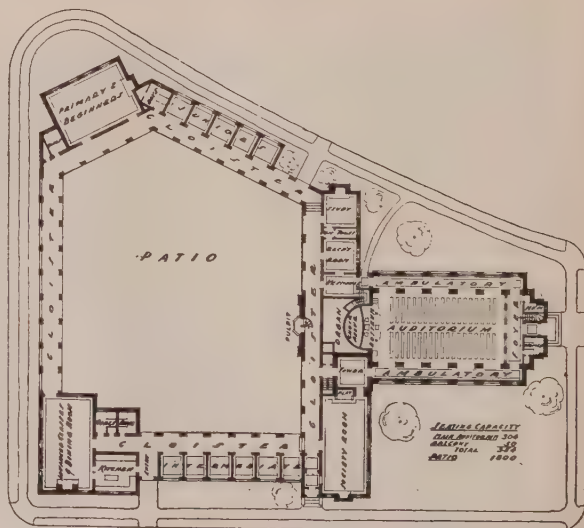
THE OLD CHURCH TO BE REMODELED INTO A PARSONAGE

We shall expect to hear of many good things happening up in Vilas County because of this fine accomplishment by Congregationalists at Eagle River.

Congregationalists at Coral Gables

DURING a commemorative service held in the old church at Bennington, Vermont, a clergyman in his prayer was thanking God for the great victory at the battle of Bennington. He was interrupted, so the story goes, by Captain Ethan Allen, who, just as irreverent as he was intrepid, shouted out, "Please mention to the Almighty that I was there." We cannot vouch for the truth of this incident, but of this we are sure, whenever anybody after this speaks of Coral Gables, Florida, it will be perfectly appropriate for Congregationalists to say to the world that they were there.

The beautiful building which we show on the next page was dedicated on April 5, 1925, the minister being the Rev. Thomas B. Powell. Secretary James Robert Smith preached the sermon and State Superintendent Rev. Lewis H. Keller, and Luman H. Royce, D. D., our Director of City Work, assisted in the services. The architecture of this building is of the Spanish Mission type, familiar especially in the South and on



PLAN OF CORAL GABLES CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

the Pacific Coast, and it dates back to peoples much older than our own and who were happy followers of the Romanesque. This house of worship is erected on a triangular plot and is to be joined to other unfinished parts of the plant. What the whole will some day be can be judged from the accompanying half-tone cut. The designers are Kiehnel and Elliot, architects of Pittsburgh and Coral Gables. Still other information as to the origin and plans of this church can be found on pages one seventy-five to one seventy-seven of *THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY* for July, 1924.

The block on which this church stands faces the Columbus Esplanade, which is three hundred feet wide and one thousand feet long, landscaped with Italian effects and tropical settings which are very remarkable. The site, and thousands of dollars beside, were given by Mr. George E. Merrick, the son of a former Congregational minister who came to this region to escape the rigors of the New England winter. The

description I should get a dictionary and pick out every superlative in it. And I would use them in my story."

Among the attractive regional descriptions presented was that of the Miami Riviera and close by was a special room devoted to Coral Gables. In this room, set with tropical plants and where an orchestra at certain hours led the people in musical dreams, were twenty-nine water colors of local subjects and one of the prettiest had for its theme "Our Coral Gables Church." This church of our Order and the other three strong ones in the Miami territory are to mean much to the life of the State.

In the past the offspring of the Pilgrims have been scarce in this part of the world. But now many of them are found among the thousands from all parts of the country who are making their homes in this favored region. They constitute good material around which to build a church free enough and yet vital enough to be worth while. Dr. Smith was very hap-



CHURCH AT CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

son is the constructive genius who is largely responsible for the transformations which are making this place known in all parts of the country. Our church and the triangle it occupies is designed to be one of the most attractive features at Coral Gables.

I visited the Exposition of the Architectural and Allied Arts in the Grand Central Palace, New York, April 21 to May 2. It was a wonderful exhibit. Reproductions of building of all description, plans for towns and cities, landscapes for beautiful estates, paintings, pieces in bronze, works in marble and clay, mural and house decorations, cartoons and sketches without number were there. And the exhibitors and artists were not only from this country but from many other lands. One of the greatest of them, when asked by a reporter what he thought of the Exposition, answered, "You are a writing man and should know what to say. I am not. But if I were asked to write a

pily impressed by what he saw on his recent visit to Coral Gables and to other places in Florida, and our readers will welcome these final words from him: "The real estate sales in the development of Coral Gables since January, 1925, have amounted to over twelve hundred thousand dollars. The people from all over the United States and parts of Europe and even from South America and Mexico are finding recreation and inspiration there. Our church is the only one in the whole community and probably will continue to be for some time to come. The state of Florida will grow enormously in the next few years. It might be called in some senses our last frontier. We have come on to the field at Coral Gables in a natural but strong way. There is a great opportunity for us elsewhere in the state if we have the wisdom and resources to enter other strategic points in the same way and at the same right time."

THE CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY

Two Timely Discussion Courses

WHY the Church? Why your church? Why are you a member? If you are not is there any reason why you should be? People are asking such questions rather seriously and with genuine interest. Young people are interested as was shown by the number of papers submitted recently to the Religious Education Association in response to its invitation for groups to answer the question: "If your church were to close its doors tomorrow what difference would it make to you and to your community?"

In these days when there is so much of religious controversy over doctrinal matters in which the majority of our church members have but mild interest, it will be a healthful stimulus to get young people and their elders, as well, to studying what the church really stands for, and its responsibilities to the community and to the world.

The National Conference on the Christian Way of Life has issued a syllabus of questions for use by discussion classes in the study of this question, under the title, "Why the Church?"

Well-chosen questions, stimulating to thought, quotations from various sources presenting material on both sides of the issues raised, give material for a richly suggestive course. Phases of church life dealt with include worship, fellowship, teaching, discipline, business management, community, national, and world service. The price of the book is sixty cents in paper, ninety cents in cloth with reduced rates in quantities.

Missions and World Problems is the theme of the

second discussion course to be issued by the Commission on International Relations of the same conference. This also meets a real need of the present day. We face a new era in missions, of which such men as Dr. Fleming are the prophets. His "Whither Bound in Missions?" is a book that should be read by every minister and church member, and will prove a valuable aid to any group using this discussion course on missions and world problems.

The writer recently met a young woman on the train, who had the question of life work under consideration. She was strongly inclined toward foreign mission service but was troubled by what seemed to her some rather unethical aspects of that work. "Why," she asked, "should we go to another people and try to make them throw overboard everything of their own civilization and accept ours out of hand? Are we so certain that our civilization is the best that we can ask Japan and China to accept it forthwith? Especially—since we have acted with such exquisite wisdom in the case of Japan?"

"Missions and World Problems" faces just such questions as these and does it well. The plan of the course is like that of "Why the Church," with suggestive questions upon each sub-topic, followed by quotations from various authorities. The headings of the six chapters are "Missions and Race Problems," "Missions and the Migration of Peoples," "Missions and the Economic System of the Western World," "Missions and World Peace," and "Missions and a World Outlook."



A New Equipment for Community Service

ON Sunday, May 31, the Park Manor Congregational Church of Chicago dedicated its new parish house, thus securing an equipment which will enable the church to go forward with a greatly enlarged program of community service. Park Manor Church was organized in 1891 and its early years were greatly handicapped by frequent changes of location and loss of property through fire.

In 1914 the present auditorium and Sunday School was erected, and a varied program of parish activities instituted in the old frame building in the rear of the new edifice. Here were housed the elementary departments of the church school, in addition to an extensive week-day work, including Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, the women's work and other lines of organized service.

The new parish house has been so designed as to harmonize with the church building, and the entire plant appears as if constructed from one original plan. It contains an auditorium of about thirty-five by seventy-five feet, equipped with stage, footlights and spotlights, and ample dressing room space. A rich

blue velour curtain on the stage adds to the artistic beauty of the auditorium.

Modern facilities and the atmosphere of homelike comfort have been served in this building with its motion picture booth and permanent equipment, the beautiful fire-place around which one may picture many a happy gathering, the kitchen with all the modern conveniences and labor-saving devices that any housewife might desire, smaller kitchenettes for the use of groups, and a thoroughly well-furnished office for the business of the church and school.

On the third floor is a fine gymnasium of about the same size as the auditorium. It is fully equipped for apparatus work and organized games. Showers and locker rooms are provided for men and women.

The entire plant is designed to make the church a full-time agency for the service of the neighborhood along social and religious lines.

An interesting program was carried out for dedication week, beginning with the formal dedication of the new building on Sunday, with a sermon by Dr. McCollum of the Church Building Society and a fellow-

ship meeting in the afternoon with short addresses by pastors and secretaries of various denominational and state organizations.

During the days of the week the program continued with a series of events designed to illustrate the value and use of the new equipment. A motion picture entertainment was held on Monday evening. Tuesday the Christian Endeavor societies of the church held a reception for the young people of the neighborhood. On Wednesday the prayer-meeting took the form of a special consecration service, led by Rev. Walter Spooner, of the Illinois Conference office. The Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls gave a demonstration of their work on Thursday, and Friday saw another reception, this time by officers and members of the church to the people of the community. On Sunday, June 7, the program closed with a consecration service by the officers and teachers of the Church School, led by Dr. Gammon, Chicago representative of the Education Society.

The Dedication of Youth

The service used on this occasion is worth passing on to others. It was written by a layman, Mr. William F. Mulvihill, who served as vice-chairman of the building committee.

MINISTER: Young People of the Church and Sunday School, this beautiful church and parish house are dedicated to the service of youth. They are your Church and your Parish House. You are here today with the officers and teachers of the Sunday School to pledge with them your loyalty and devotion to the church and school.

TEACHERS: As assistants in the educational work among the young people of this church, we pledge ourselves to uphold its ideals, to help the young people in our church and school to understand the religious ideals and aims of the church as they have been

handed down to us by the great and loyal men and women who have lived before us. Week by week, we will try to present our bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is our reasonable service, and to build up in our hearts and in the hearts of the young people committed to our care, a holy reverence for our Heavenly Father.

SUPERINTENDENT: As superintendent of this school, I pledge myself to serve it faithfully and to the best of my ability. We come today to dedicate this house not only to the service of youth and the worship of God, but also to consecrate anew our lives to the service of God and men. Realizing that we are builders together with God, we now enter upon the larger work made possible for us by this new and beautiful building. Let us, therefore, go forward with good courage, and as we work and play within these walls, may we do so with grateful hearts, ever mindful of the goodness of God to us.

MINISTER: The young people will now unite in the vow of dedication.

YOUNG PEOPLE: Here, at the crossing of the streets, in the midst of the great city, our parents have erected this house of prayer. We, their children, pledge to it and to them our honor and respect. We promise to love this place as the provision of our parents and the gift of God to us—the light of its windows, its music and worship, its rooms for teaching and learning, for work and play and friendship and physical development and this, the inner temple of prayer and praise. As men, we will protect our church from all evil; as women, we will keep it fair and beautiful for our children's children. We promise to enter into its service with gladness, to behave in it with reverence and respect and to help fill it with the joyful, friendly spirit of Jesus. We will do all in our power to make it the best church in the world. So help us God! Amen.



A Christmas Project

CHRISTMAS seems far off on a day when the thermometer seeks the higher levels, but if one really wishes to plan and carry out a genuinely educational project, six months ahead is none too soon to begin. For this reason we want to describe a project carried out by the Church School of Central Church in Worcester, Massachusetts, as described in a letter from the educational director, Miss Annie M. Hanchett.

"For many years our Church School had held a manger service at Christmas time to which all the pupils brought gifts according to his or her own idea. This resulted in a large collection of gifts being turned over to the Associated Charities and hospitals, or used by a committee of the church under direction of the Associated Charities, but the giving was not always intelligent and the articles often difficult to use to good advantage.

"Three years ago, in connection with the secretary of our Associated Charities and our Church School Council, we decided to try the plan of dramatizing the service of the school at Christmas time, in order to show how it might be most helpfully planned to

bring good cheer into the homes served thereby. A definite plan grew out of this.

"About the beginning of December, 1923, we again presented a dramatization leading up to our project, a copy of which I enclose (printed below).

"We received from the Associated Charities the names of about eighteen families which are planned for in the intermediate, senior and adult sections, usually one or more families to a class. The primary and junior sections have about one child to a class to plan for.

"The first name and age are given so that the pupils may choose gifts intelligently.

"The younger children usually bring gifts for the hospital in addition, such as scrap-books and simple things which they can make at home. These are sent as gifts from the class.

"The givers learn to meet the practical needs, to help the family aided to plan and carry out its own Christmas with as little suggestion as possible of outside aid. The Scouts, who act as messengers at this time, always take packages as quietly as possible to the doors and leave them with every possible care to

avoid giving the impression of a 'charity Christmas.' "Families provided for in 1924 included ninety individuals each of whom received a gift definitely planned for him, attractively wrapped in Christmas-y manner and marked with his name. An ex-service man received money with which to complete his automobile lessons and an open door to self-support."

The dramatization which led up to this project was as follows:

SCENE.

Family sitting around the kitchen table after supper. Three younger children in bed. Father reading newspaper, mother mending, older children with school books.

SAMUEL: Say, Mary, wasn't Toyland at the Boston Store great? Honestly, Dad, you ought to have seen the electric railroads. They had signal towers and stations, everything just like a real railroad line; and there were radio sets and — —

MARY: Oh, but there was the grandest writing desk and do you remember that counter of books? Of course it wasn't as interesting as the exhibit we saw at the library. Just the same, I'd like some of those books at the store.

SAMUEL: Gee! I'd rather have some of those electrical things, or those sets for building towers and everything. There was a pop-gun there that George'd be crazy about.

MARY: And wouldn't Elvira just love one of those dolls that closes her eyes? or a tea-set? or some crayons? And John would have fun banging one of those drums.

SAMUEL: Do you suppose Santa Claus will leave any of those things here this year?

(Father and mother exchange significant glances.)

MOTHER: It's nine o'clock, Mary. Time for you and Samuel to go to bed.

SAMUEL: Can't we stay up just a little longer? Please?

MOTHER: No. You know you shouldn't ask. Good night.

SAMUEL and MARY: Good night. *(They go out.)*

JOSEPHINE: I suppose there won't be so much money for a Christmas tree and presents this year. It must have cost a lot to pay the doctor while Father was sick those six weeks. Will we be able to have any Christmas at all?

FATHER: I'm afraid there will not be any money for that, dear. We have little enough with which to buy the food and coal and shoes and warm clothing. You must help us to entertain the children without the tree and presents.

(There is a knock at the door. Father goes to open it.)

NEIGHBOR: Here's a letter for Mrs. Smith that was left in my box by mistake. I just found it and thought I'd better bring it over right away. It might be important.

(Father thanks her. The neighbor leaves. Father hands the letter to mother.)

MOTHER: Isn't this just splendid. This is from Miss B. . . of the Associated Charities saying that the Central Church School will send a box of books, toys, fruit and nuts on the Sunday before Christmas, and that we can plan to celebrate the day as usual.

JOSEPHINE: Isn't that great?

FATHER: Splendid!

MOTHER: You remember, Father, the year of the influenza epidemic, when we thought the children would have to go without their Christmas, how we received that box from the school and how thoughtful they were in sending it so that it came just like a package we had ordered ourselves. It's fine when people are willing to do things that way and let us make our own Christmas. Perhaps next year, we can help someone else.

FATHER: I hope we may.



Progress in a World Service School

The following letter from a missionary superintendent in a Western school illustrates some of the problems of missionary education and ways of meeting them. The italics are ours.

"THERE has never been definite hostility to missionary education in our school, but it has been conducted in such a haphazard way as to prevent results of very definite value. I challenge anyone to give boys and girls worth-while knowledge of any subject, with ten or fifteen minutes once a month in which to do it. How much less the chance of success when dealing with places and conditions of which the children have not the faintest conception. Unless one feels that missionary education is one of the most important things for the children to have, one is apt to let it slide *and thus impress the children with its unimportance.*

"This is my second year in charge but I am frank to confess that little was accomplished last year in the way of education. *The programs were conducted according to the chart plan, but I was able to be present only seldom and no follow up work was done.* The vague impressions received by the children were soon dissipated because there was nothing to fix them

in mind. I am in better health this year and can be present more often. When I am not there the Junior superintendent tells a story, or mentions some object for special prayer. *Rarely does a Sunday pass when missions is not given a prominent place.* This, I believe, is one secret of our success.

"Another point is that *we stress a few objects, rather than try to give a smattering of many.*

"The greatest thing making for the success of our work is the World Service Schools plan and outline. It has given the pupils a chance, in fact has made it almost necessary that they shall carry home the ideas received in school. They think about it more than just on Sunday and they have discussed with their parents the work on which they are engaged. It has really made them feel that they have a part in the spreading of Christ's kingdom.

"As to results. I asked the Junior superintendent, for our work is very largely with the juniors. She may be unduly enthusiastic, but she is positive that

there is ten times the amount of missionary knowledge and interest in the department that there was before.

"At my suggestion the members of the department saved a special Lenten offering of more than nine dollars. Without the background of knowledge they would never have done this, for I have made a special point of not appealing to their pity or sympathy. One can always reach them that way, but I feel that sound knowledge of needs and of the good results obtained through their help is worth much more.

"The giving of credit cards has stimulated interest, but it has not been the ruling factor in the majority of cases. Those who had made scrap-books and received their credit cards, for example, were just as eager to make more after they had heard a letter from

the missionary telling of the good their first books had done. Many of them bought articles to go into the box for Ellis Island rather than to give old things they had at home. One girl gave her best doll because she knew that those little girls loved dolls as much as she did. One class volunteered to make dolls through the summer months, the department supplying old sheets for the purpose.

"The hardest place to get results has been in poster-making and the trouble there is probably that we have not been sufficiently definite in suggesting subjects.

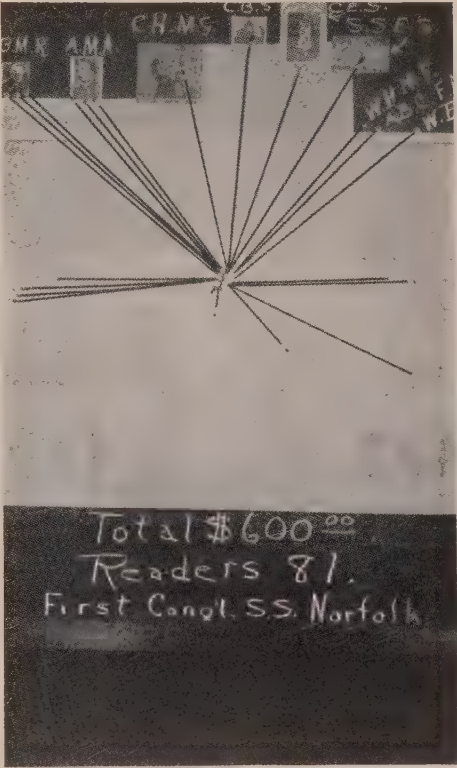
"I wonder if I have written anything that will be of help to others. I know that this is a phase of our work too often neglected and I shall be glad if I can help any of our leaders to see its importance."



An Illustrated Report

THE accompanying illustration shows how Miss Lorena J. Lewis, educational director of First Congregational Church, Norfolk, Nebraska, presented her annual report of missionary education to the church and school. The lines radiating from the location of Norfolk on the map show the places touched by the service of this school, while others lead to pictures illustrating the same. On the blackboard below the map were lettered the main figures with reference to the year's work, the total amount of money given for missions and the number of pupils in the school who had read missionary books.

It is interesting to note that this is a school whose former gifts to missions averaged about one hundred dollars a year. Since the adoption of the missionary education program they have been six or seven times that amount. Since this photograph was taken the missionary readers in the school have increased in number until they are now about one hundred and twenty-five.



tion work in our church schools, that it vitalizes the entire program of religious education. The Norfolk school is by no means the only one to experience this. The correspondence of the missionary education department reveals many others. Not long since we received a copy of the church calendar from a New England town, bearing the names of many young people who had joined the church at the previous communion. More than half of these were underscored, indicating those whose interest in their own church had arisen from their World Service activities.

Write to the District Secretary of the Congregational Education Society for your state, or to the Department of Missionary Education, and ask for an enrollment card if you do not already have one. Sample programs will also be furnished on request, so that you may have a fair chance to judge of the merits of the plan. It

is better to present this matter before the school or department and let the members vote upon the question of its adoption.

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL STATEMENT

May, 1925	This Year	Last Year	Increase	Decrease
Contributions	\$9,252.00	\$8,980.00	\$272.00
Legacies	40.71	\$40.71
Fiscal Year Ending June 1	This Year	Last Year	Increase	Decrease
Contributions	\$116,557.80	\$126,257.94	\$9,700.14
Legacies	5,443.09	10,127.15	4,684.06

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXTENSION SOCIETY

Our Privilege and Our Obligation

"We Test Our Lives by Thine"

THINGS are happening as they usually do whenever groups of purposeful young people are stirred to a definite line of action. For there are some things young people can do that no one else can do, and they should be given the opportunity to test themselves out.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-four marked the fourth year of the *Student Summer Service* and during that time four groups of our Congregational college young people went out from seventy-one educational institutions and served in thirty states. Eighty young men and sixty-three young women faced the challenge of Christian service and made their lives count for the most.

When these words are read another group, numbering fifty, will be eagerly putting their best energies to the forefront of life, and reaching out to help others. Thirty-one universities and colleges will be represented, and the workers have been assigned as follows: Arizona, 1; Illinois, 1; Iowa, 1; Indiana, 1; Wisconsin, 1; Texas, 1; Minnesota, 2; Oklahoma, 2; Pennsylvania, 2; Washington, 2; Colorado, 3; Idaho, 1; Michigan, 1; Nebraska, 1; North Dakota, 1; Oregon, 1; Massachusetts, 4; Montana, 4; South Dakota, 4; Negro Churches, South, (8 states), 4; District of the Southeast, (6 states), 8; Hawaii, native young people, 4. The maximum cost for each worker is placed at two hundred and fifty dollars, including a modest personal compensation and traveling expenses, and in the case of Hawaiian appointments, the total appropriation towards the financing of the four workers is only three hundred dollars, the Hawaiian Evangelical Association caring for the balance of the amount needed.

During the past four years a fine group of the young men in the ranks of the S.S.S. have, as a direct result of the movement, been led to devote their lives to the Christian ministry on the home or foreign field, and are making definite preparation for service in our theological seminaries. Others are facing teaching opportunities with a distinctly Christian objective before them. From the groups of the young women, two are serving in a large and growing way, centering in the New York headquarters of the Church Extension Boards; five are under appointment as Extension Workers in the South; others are filling places of usefulness in parish work or social service. They have faced and answered the question, "What are you going to do with your life?" East and West have met in



DOROTHY BUTLER ROBINSON

this way in a common Christian enterprise. Religion in the lives of these young people has functioned at its best. In far-reaching fields of service, with open mind and kindled heart, there has been in evidence the happy task of applying the principles of Christian living to the problems and needs of today.

When a Congregational council meets in a New England city, and the daughter of a great church in an industrial center stands before it asking for ordination to the Christian ministry, such an hour is one of more than ordinary significance. When the one thus seeking to consecrate her life in a richer way is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College and Hartford Theological Seminary, and has

spent two summers in Student Summer Service, there is not only an added interest, but the occasion is one of grateful thankfulness to the Great Father. When therefore on Sunday afternoon, May thirty-first, Dorothy Butler Robinson, daughter of the Rev. Edwin Bradford Robinson, faced a council called to consider the request of the Grace Congregational Church of Holyoke, Massachusetts, that a daughter of the church be set apart to the ministry of the Gospel before she commenced her service as an instructor in the Department of Biblical Literature in Mount Holyoke College, the occasion was one of large meaning and grateful recognition.

Just what did this college and seminary girl of the S.S.S. 1923-24 say as she told her story of Christian experience and call to the ministry of teaching the truths of the Eternal? Following a beautiful tribute to her home life, and with special reference to the touch of a consecrated and devoted Christian mother during the formative periods of childhood and early youth, the candidate for ordination said: "If any one here were to ask why I wish to be ordained into the Christian ministry, my answer might be epitomized in the challenge issued by The Congregational Sunday School Extension Society to its Student Summer Service workers,—'Using My Life Where It Will Count for the Most.' For the past two summers it has been my privilege to work with this Society in Columbia, South Carolina, and Mission, South Dakota. The experiences in service in these two fields brought me preeminently three things:

"First, a deep sense of the need of God and the power and value of prayer. Faced with unusual problems in these communities, one would have felt utterly

discouraged and helpless without the knowledge of a vast reservoir of power at one's command. Second, such situations inspire with a new zeal for service, which was the keynote of Jesus' earthly ministry; a service not spasmodic, but continuous and persistent, service which costs. A challenge comes to give our fullest, our noblest and best, and leave the rest with God. Third, out of this service is born a new joy that comes from contact and fellowship with others; a sense of a task done to the best of one's ability, and the feeling that through service is found the road to the life abundant, the development of the larger self.

"Part of the mission of the Christian is the exemplifying to the world that the normal Christian life is the spirit-filled and the spirit-controlled life. This leads to the question as to what are or should be the characteristics of the Christian life. To me four aspects stand out significantly. 1. A Christian is a person who is learning and growing; ever reaching out for new light and truth, and utilizing every opportunity to cooperate with God in developing his or her life according to God's plan and purpose. 2. A Christian is a useful person, one with a mission and a message. The two outstanding truths taught by Jesus are the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Through fellowship with Jesus all down the centuries, people have come to know God as Father, and to teach that truth is part of the task of the Christian minister. To make known God as the one who is interested in all the problems, joys, disappointments and hopes of men, a God who is seeking to save from sin. But

not only must one seek to know God as Father; we must help to make the potential brotherhood of man a reality. As men live in the actual presence of a holy, just and loving Father God, it becomes impossible for them to do the unchristian, unbrotherly thing. And in the Christian gospel not only is the ideal given to us, but the energizing power to make it real. 3. The Christian must have unbroken courage and hope; be one who though he recognizes sin in the world yet has the courage to believe, and possess a radiant hope that discerns that the character of the goal of human progress

is the gradual realization of God's ideal for his world. 4. Most important of all, the Christian must have the spirit of love, which exercises itself in giving, serving, sacrifice and forgiveness. Such was the nature of the divine love set forth in the words of John Oxenham:

'His great heart broke

At thought of man's rejection of God's love;

And at the last the gallant spirit sped

With one embracing prayer for all mankind,—

"Father, forgive!"

"If therefore you ask me for a statement of faith based on my religious experiences, briefly and simply I would say, I believe in a just, righteous and loving God, our Father, who supremely manifested his great outreach, redemptive love to man, in the life, earthly ministry, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ his Son. I believe that this Father God has given to us the power to discern the goal of his divine purpose toward which human progress is tending,—the establishment of the Kingdom of God, and that he has

given to us the task of co-operating with him in the ultimate realization of that plan and purpose. I believe that in the gospel of Christ the world is given a dynamic which, if man appropriates it, is capable of transforming and regenerating mankind. Both in our own country and internationally, Christians are challenged to show how the power of God in Christ can always change lives and make the world more Christian. And I believe that the call is inescapable, vital and supreme to us as Christians, to enlist our minds, our hearts and

our energies in the great redemptive purpose of God to reconcile the world to himself, through Christ and us, as privileged to be his co-workers."

Such an event, such a consecration illustrates the way in which the program of the S.S.S. is reaching out into the avenues of service, as it goes on its mission of training leadership for missionary and religious educational activities. The hope of the world today is in young people seeing visions; in those vision hours meeting the Master; and then by a consecration of personal life putting that life into God's world.



HER FIRST CHURCH

Our Obligation Is Our Opportunity

New doors of opportunity on every hand called for an enlarged program of service. This is now in operation. Workers cannot be recalled without the work suffering. The Society depends almost entirely on the apportionment. We are now paying interest on a debt of \$10,000 incurred this year. Will our churches please remit the Children's Day offerings promptly, and special June contributors send in their gifts now.

THE MINISTERIAL BOARDS

The Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief
and Thirteen Cooperating State Boards

The Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers
The Pilgrim Memorial Fund

Write !

NEARLY one-half of the 20,000 subscribers who are in arrears on their Pilgrim Memorial Fund subscriptions have never replied to any of our communications. Four of these "silent" brethren, who were interviewed recently, gave the following explanations.

The first man approached said, "Yes, I know all about the Pilgrim Memorial Fund. It's a worthy cause. I intend to pay my pledge. See, I have kept all your statements and letters," and he reached for a pile of correspondence which completely filled one of the largest pigeon-holes in his desk.

The second man put his hand into his pocket and pulled out an unopened letter over a year old. He had carried it so long that it was soiled and worn almost to shreds. Slightly embarrassed he said, "This looks as if I had forgotten, but I haven't. I knew what it was about, so I just slipped it into my pocket as a reminder. All the other notices I threw away. Of course, I intend to pay, but financial reverses have made it impossible to remit when payments were due. Expect it all before Christmas."

The third man exclaimed, "What! Is the Pilgrim Memorial Fund still doing business? Somehow I got the impression that it was tied up with the Interchurch movement. When that failed I told my secretary to throw all your letters and statements into the waste basket. I didn't want to be bothered with them. Of course, I should have investigated, but I didn't. I am greatly chagrined to find that I have been withholding money pledged to the support of the old ministers. I wouldn't have done it had I known. Make out a statement of my account and I will pay the first of the month."

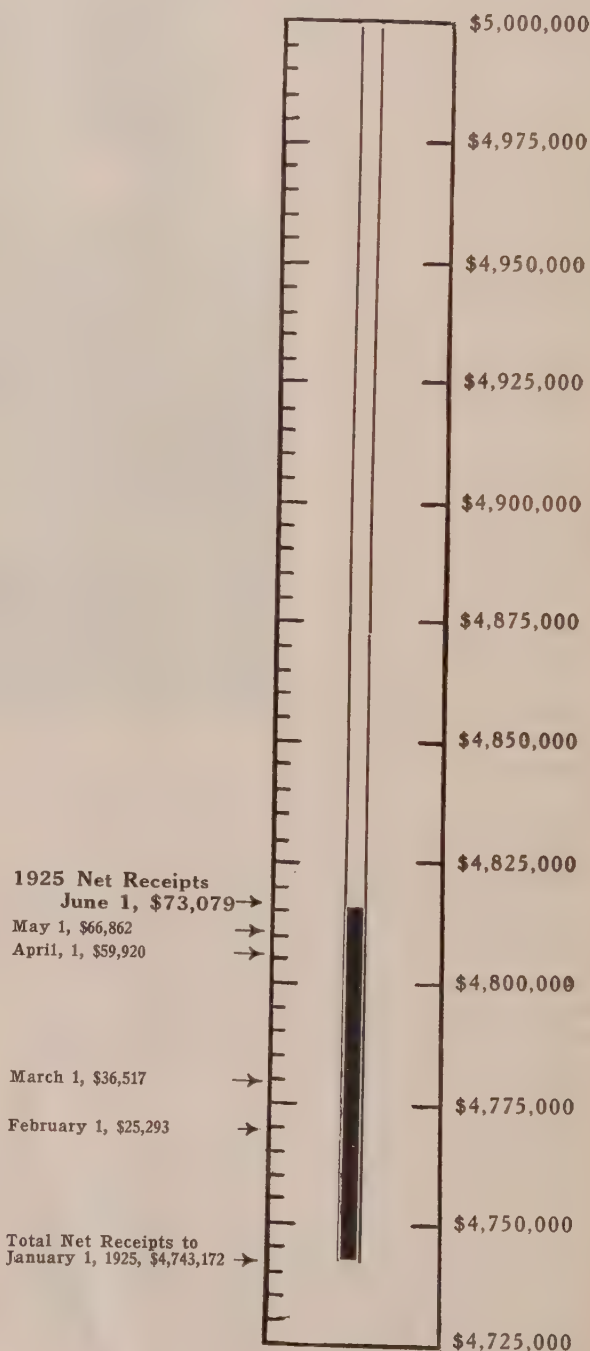
The fourth man said, "I appreciate the courtesy of your office. Last year we had a run of sickness and I saw that I was going to be unable to meet my 1924 payment. For a long time I said nothing. Then I wrote a frank letter explaining my inability and asked that you grant me an extension to November, 1925. Three days later I received a fine letter saying that you would await my convenience and that I would hear no more from you until November. I am glad I wrote. My letter let you know when to expect the money and saved you the expense of sending a lot of unnecessary correspondence. Your letter relieved my mind and made me feel good."

If you are one of those who have not written, will you not write us a frank letter in order that we may know how to handle your subscription to our mutual satisfaction?

Every month's delay in the payment of a Pilgrim Memorial Fund pledge results in lost interest. Lost interest results in lessened benefit for the ministers, over 2,000 of whom are looking to this Fund for the protection of their families in the event of disability, old age or death.

Pilgrim Memorial Fund

Minimum Objective, 1925 **\$5,000,000**



"For Value Received"

A Story Illustrating the Work of the Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief

By PEARL G. WINCHESTER

THE minister's family were going West. For weeks packing had been going on, the most exciting thing Mary and Will and little Bobby had ever seen. Mother, herself, had put the egg shell cups and saucers and the scalloped plates that went with them in the middle of a feather bed inside a barrel, so they couldn't possibly get broken on the long journey. Father had wrapped excelsior and burlap all over the black walnut bedroom set and the dining-room table, which were older than the children could remember, and had told the truckman to handle them carefully.

Tonight the family were going to stay with the Walkers in their big house because all the home things had been carried to a freight car. On this last evening in the dear, old, New England town, everybody who ever went to church had gathered there to say good-bye. All the good women who got up missionary teas and church suppers, all the gray-haired deacons and the younger men who walked down the aisle to show visitors seats and all the young people and all the children's playmates were there. It was the time for the last words.

"Say, will you write to me, Billy?" called the pretty little girl to whom he had wanted to send a valentine and hadn't dared.

"Gee whiz!" said Johnnie Blake. "Won't it be great to see buffaloes and Indians!"

"Sure! Don't you wish you could go for five days on the train?"

"You bet I do. I'd like to be a cowboy."

It was indeed a grand adventure to be going West. Father, the Reverend William Morris, you know, was going to be a home missionary and live in a Territory. It was all so exciting that it seemed foolish for Mrs. Barrett and the other ladies to be wiping their eyes when Deacon Onderdonk made a speech about it. By and by the last people were gone and the farewells were over.

Then came the wonderful days on the train. That trip over hundreds of miles, sweeping further and further over the prairies, was the best geography lesson the children ever had. They saw with their own eyes rivers and lakes, towns and cities whose names they had learned on the map that hung back of the teacher in the schoolroom.

Never did Mary forget what she saw one morning when she woke early and, lying in her berth, peeped under the window shade. The day before, the train had crept across the plains without a single hill to break the monotony. Now, away off in the distance was something the like of which she had never seen. Glowing in the sunrise, shutting in the sandy plain and its clumps of waving grass and sage brush, looking near enough to walk to, yet really far away, rose a lofty line of mountain peaks towering into the very skies. Mary caught her breath and sat up with wide open eyes. "The Rocky Mountains!" she breathed to herself. "The Rocky Mountains!"

On and on pushed the train, creaking and swaying,

toward the mountains and then over great viaducts and through dark tunnels to the other side where the hills were painted in strange colors such as Mary and Billy had never seen. On they went, past mining camps and cattle ranges, until in the early dawn of a glorious morning they stepped from their car to a wooden platform, the railroad station of their new home.

As the chilly wind brought the spicy odor of sagebrush they piled, shivering, into the rattling omnibus which plied from the station to the main street. It all looked queer. In New England there were white cottages with green blinds, shaded by old elms which had been growing for generations; and the village green was glorified by the white-pillared church with its towering spire that the fathers built years and years before; but here it looked as if everybody had just come. Houses were rough shacks; stores shabby, little, unpainted buildings. There were wooden sidewalks with big cracks, raised high above the wet earth that would be fine dust under the summer sun.

For a while they were almost homesick, but soon they had a lot of fun hunting up new things. Father had to buy a little black pony and buckboard to get over the rough roads for his parish calls. Now and then they all drove together out to the Army Post, where Father talked with the soldiers who came to church Sunday evenings. Then they sat on the Colonel's porch, or went out to watch dress parade. When summer came there were trips that took all day, when they had dinner at some ranch house where a big harvesting crew was threshing out hundreds of bushels of wheat in the broiling sun.

One lovely spring day Mother called, "Children, come upstairs quick!" Her voice had a little thrill in it. So up they ran, Mary two stairs at a time and Billy three, while Bobby took two panting steps to each stair and called, "Wait for me!"

Mother was at the window of the little half-story room that opened on the tin roof of the lean-to kitchen, pointing toward the blue foothills that seemed to rise right up from the plain like mounds of sugar spilled on the table. There on the long road that stretched out toward the race track came a line of ponies moving at a dog trot. Each carried one or two or three riders—odd-looking figures. "Indians!" shouted all the children at once. Bobby began to whimper a little, for he had thought of Indians as killing and scalping people, but Mother quieted him, and they all sat on the tin roof and watched the "calico ponies," spotted and mottled, black and white and brown and tan, trot by, Indian file. The men were in their broad-brimmed hats, long hair, and cowboy trousers. The squaws wore gay handkerchiefs and blankets over loose calico dresses. On their backs the fat little papooses jogged up and down in Indian cradles. Not wild Indians at all!

Later in the summer some squaws stopped to ask for the apples that were dropping fast from Mr. Morris' trees. The children sat on the high board fence and they all smiled at each other. Father had told

them all about his visit to the reservation, the little wooden chapel there and the school where some ladies were teaching the dark-eyed boys and girls.

It was certainly much more fun being a home missionary family than living "back in the States" where everything was all settled and finished. Why, here they felt as though they just owned the earth. Everybody was so glad to see Father when he walked down the street. And Mother, they said, was the sweetest lady in the whole country. And when the people filled the church on summer Sunday evenings and the sweet hot air drifted through the open windows and Father preached, who cared if the church was only half-finished and had a debt almost as big as the building? It was a wonderful new country and some day—you wait and see!

But it was not like that all the time. By the next year the children overheard Mother and Father talking very seriously. It seemed that money didn't buy as much as it used to. Billy and Father built a chicken house, and made a vegetable garden, and raised giant strawberries. But Father's Sunday coat had to have some ink put carefully on the gray edges. Mother had turned her dresses inside out for herself and for Mary. Bobby's suits were made of Mary's dresses after she couldn't wear them any longer. The old leather trunk that Mother called her treasure chest held nothing more than scraps and patches now.

"Are you still determined not to let me ask for a missionary barrel?" Father asked one night.

"Yes, Will, you know I am. There must be lots of ministers' families worse off than we are, and there must be some way that I can get the children dressed without asking for charity."

Mother held her head high. Somehow she seemed like egg shell china herself—so delicate and so strong, and deserving a better setting than the five-room cottage and the unfinished church. Everybody loved her and looked up to her.

They all lived on happily in spite of real privations. There was always some way to get along. Mary never forgot the time when there was no money to buy butter. They all sat down to a meal of boiled rice and milk. When the meal was over Mother laughed happily, "There, you see we didn't need the butter after all."

There came a winter when Billy was nearly ready for college. He was working now at various light jobs and studying under Father's direction, hoping to go to the university next year. But it was becoming harder and harder for Father to get the time for tutoring him. The place was full of sick people. A baffling fever became an epidemic and many people needed comfort as well as care. Funerals were from the little church because the homes held so many sick people. Then one day Father was too ill to be up, and before they could get used to having him sick, he was gone.

Everybody was kind. Everybody was generous. But the bottom had dropped out of the boom that had started the town a few years ago, and nobody had much to give. At last some of the church officers got together and sent a letter to the Board of Ministerial Relief in New York. It told of their loss: of the needs of the family; of how they were afraid that Mrs. Morris would not herself apply for a widow's

grant because she was always sure there was someone more needy than herself. Promptly a letter came to Mrs. Morris, assuring her of a pension which the churches of the country felt it an honor to give "in recognition of the service of her husband." Small as it was it meant everything to them.

More than once before this, in family discussions, Father or Mother had said, "We have nothing to give you children, but somehow we shall help you to get through school." It was always understood that this meant college for them all.

Now Mother proposed that they move to the town where the university was, and devote themselves to the one big task of school and college. The "pension money" would always pay the rent and they would all find ways to earn. So Father's worn chair, the leather trunk, the cabinet organ, the bust of Shakespeare, and the egg shell cups (there were only four left) went on the light load that comprised their goods. The only heavy things were the books that Father had taught them to love.

People say that anybody can work his way through college if he finds the right job. This is probably true, but the right job does not always turn up. Billy felt he must be earning at once and took the first thing that promised steady pay—driving a station bus from six o'clock to midnight. That meant doing early morning study, and even college boys cannot live indefinitely on five hours of sleep a day. Mother felt sure she could get a teaching position by next fall, but now—could she find a cheaper rent and make the pension money go further? These thoughts were so heavily on her heart that somehow they got into the letter she wrote to acknowledge the quarterly check from the Board. She said once that when she sat down to write these letters, she felt as if she were writing home, for the messages from the Board were as full of personal interest and sympathy as those that came from her own dear family.

Christmas holidays came. Just then she found a tiny flat in a back street and it was the very time to do the moving when all the family could help. Billy gave up his night work for a few days of carpentering. He and Father had done so much work together around the old home that he was very handy with tools.

New Year's came; vacation was over, college opened again. But the check that had always paid the rent—what had happened to it? The middle of January, but no check came. Should Billy leave college and go to work? Did the Board think that he and Mary should support their mother now? Perhaps the grant had been stopped. Of course there were ministers' families worse off than they. They could work for a while and put off going to college.

"Keep right on," said Mother. "I'm sure there is some mistake. I'll write to find whether a check has been sent."

Somehow when they said "the Board" the children always thought of solemn, baldheaded, black-coated men sitting around a big heavy table. They didn't seem like the friendly people about them. Mother knew better, but even she had no idea of how her little letter would be taken.

When it reached the office and was brought in with the great daily mail that comes to the Secretary's desk,

he said to the supervisor of the grants, "Mrs. Morris hasn't received her check. We increased her grant one hundred dollars so that boy of hers needn't sit up all night. Look it up, please."

She reported back that a check from the Christmas Fund had been mailed December twentieth, and the check for the regular pension on December twenty-fourth, in order that it might reach her promptly on New Year's day. Knowing then that they must have been lost in the mail, the Secretary directed that duplicates should be sent. Quickly a telegram flashed over the wires to Mrs. Morris, "Sending duplicates air mail."

When it reached her, she tore the yellow envelope open with trembling hands. She was glad the children were not there to see her.

"Oh, thank God, thank God for the Board," she sobbed as she dropped into Father's big chair and pillowed her head against the worn leather where his head had so often rested. "Dear Will, thank God for the Board!"

Not long could Mother indulge herself, even in happiness. A good supper now could be bought for the children! The tiny cupboard was actually bare—no sugar, no flour, no oatmeal. Now she would dare to buy necessities, with the telegram as evidence on which to obtain credit.

If Dickens had been near he might have been able to make you a word picture of the good things they had for that meal, and the beaming faces, happy voices, savory odors and singing hearts which made that evening a never-to-be-forgotten time for the family. It was a regular Dickens Christmas Carol in January. I say he might have told you. I can't.

But there was another evening, a few days later,

when Bobby brought in the letter with the address of the Board in the corner. When everybody had gathered around Mother, the letter was opened. And there were two checks—the Christmas gift and the regular pension check, larger by twenty-five dollars than they had expected. The letter explained that it meant an extra hundred a year to guard Billy's health by easing his hours of work and to keep him in college.

Mary felt as though something inside her would burst. She slipped down on the organ stool and played, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," the sweet old reeds thrilling at her touch. She played it all through. Then she began again, and all four of them sang with all their might.

There was silence a moment. Then Billy dropped his arm from his Mother's shoulders and pulling himself up to his full height, said, "Mother, when I get through the university I'm going to send those people something every month."

* * * * *

Years have passed. Billy, an honor student, is now a minister himself. Mary was not afraid to marry a home missionary, and her music has helped many to "praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Bobby is a scientist and keeps his Mother as a precious treasure in his home. None of them has ever forgotten that winter after Father's death. None of them would fail to seize an opportunity to aid the work of the Board which helped them over their hardest places, not as a charity but in recognition of Father's life and work—"for value received."

This story is printed in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by application to the Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief, 100 East 42nd Street, New York. A dramatic presentation, "Sunset," is also available.

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From the Day's Mail

What the quarterly check means.—"Your comforting letter of January first with its check came yesterday. My husband and I are thankful that the grant of last year can be continued for 1925. We want to express our appreciation of the grant, the comradeship and consideration that it brings. We remember that such a grant expresses the regard of a great number of donors. This check will pay the balance on a coal bill due January first—fifty dollars; the balance on a doctor's bill past due—twenty-two dollars; the interest on a mortgage on the home due January 26, and leave a little balance for bread and butter."

The Annuity Fund provides for a man who had not thought of himself.—"I enclose receipt for first instalment to me from the Fund received promptly on my seventieth birthday, together with the accom-

panying letter of gracious fellowship and assurance. The beginning of my old age pension is indeed "a great comfort" to me, and will be, since already I have been living, in part, on borrowed money which I may now begin to repay, with the hope of getting on to an even keel in the not distant future. I have not lived in envy of others whose income has been larger than mine. On entering the ministry as a young man, the thought of money income was the very last thought with me, while my love of the work and the desire to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ were first. Believe me, I shall try to the end to be faithful to my calling, and shall not cease to be grateful to those through whose foresight, energy and big hearts this Fund has come into being, to relieve or avert distress, and to warm the hearts of those no longer in full harness."

FORMS OF BEQUEST

THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF MINISTERIAL RELIEF

I give and bequeath to The Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief, incorporated 1907, under the laws of the State of Connecticut, the sum of.....dollars for its uses and purposes.

THE ANNUITY FUND FOR CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS

I give and bequeath to The Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers, a corporation organized April 23, 1914, under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of.....dollars for its uses and purposes.

PILGRIM MEMORIAL FUND

I give and bequeath to the Corporation for the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, organized 1909, under the laws of the State of Connecticut, the sum of.....dollars to become part of the Pilgrim Memorial Fund.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY FEDERATION



For the artistic work in the device above, which appears on the cover page of the Federation Program for World Service Schools, the Federation is indebted to Mr. Charles Butts of the Pilgrim Press, and for the open work lettering to Miss Anne P. Burrell, who is leaving home to work with President Madison of the China Christian Union. The Federation gratefully acknowledges this kindness.

THE Federation is "Listening In" on the annual meeting of our State Woman's Home Mission Unions, and broadcasting the messages. We especially note the cheerful tone and high hopes expressed in reports and addresses upon these programs.

There is not sufficient time in the public meetings for analysis or detail of activities of the past year. It is too early to see printed financial summaries; but some of the treasurers of national societies report less receipts in the past six months than during the same period last year. The total apportionment receipts reported by the Unions in 1924 is \$438,864.

The Federation earnestly urges upon the Unions an examination of their plans of work to discover if they are covering the work of the national homeland societies and providing for an increase in obligation for the nation-wide opportunity. Changes in lists of officers are being received at the Federation office, showing that new resources in personnel are being used to supply new inspirations and wider horizons.

The page for Women's Work in the Southern Con-

gregationalist is edited by Mrs. F. P. Ensminger, Federation district secretary. She reports for Florida: "Someone has said, 'We used to give to the Lord and now we give to the Apportionment': but in Florida we gave to both, as we exceeded our apportionment and through the Union gave eight hundred dollars more for West Tampa Mission and Schauffler Dormitory."

The Pilgrim Prayer Guild director of the Southeast, Mrs. D. Witherspoon Dodge, has begun her work, adapting the program to the necessity of the groups concerned. The Pilgrim Prayer Guild may well serve as the "leaven which leaveneth the whole lump."

A most suggestive program for district and state meetings in Alabama and Georgia contains the following items:

The District Association, What and How—The Women's Part in the Program. The State Conference—The Work of the Women in the State body. The National Council—Women in the Church and the Homeland.

Southern California: Our former Thank-Offering secretary, Mrs. A. E. Fancher, now of Long Beach, California, has been elected a member of the state conference board of Southern California. The Women's State Missionary Societies have recently reorganized as one body but their constitution declares they are still auxiliary to the Federation and the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior.

Ohio has, at the annual state conference, elected Mrs. John G. Percy as delegate to the National Council for six years, the first woman in Ohio to

be so honored; a gesture in the right direction!

Our district secretary in Chicago has filled a long itinerary, visiting and speaking at many places within the district, including also a visit at Santee.

Our Woman's Committee on Inter-racial Cooperation, through our representative, Mrs. Parker W. Fisher, is very active in presenting the cause, especially in the South, and will be a delegate to the Blue Ridge Summer Conference, where she will have a fine opportunity to present the work of the committee, which she does so efficiently.

Program Topic—July

The Mingling of the Races

A Few Pertinent Facts—"However the races arise, whatever we may think of race and its nature and purpose, the race issues are here as a fact and we have the problem of a right and a just and a peace making solution of the racial questions insistently confronting us." "Of One Blood."—ROBERT SPEER.

Six Solutions—Conflict; Segregation; Subjection; Eugenics; Amalgamation; Christianity. "Of One Blood."—ROBERT SPEER.

Races Already Living in America

1. Red—Indian.
2. Black—Negro.
3. White—Caucasian.
4. Yellow—Mongolian.
5. Brown—Hindu, Malay, Arab.

Nations Already Coming to America

Immigration statistics covering the months of January, February, March, 1925, reveal the fact that people have come into this country from sixty countries of the Old World.

Devotions: "The New Spirit in Community Life," by Oliver C. Huckel, D.D.

Group of Songs: "The Star Spangled Banner"

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Paper: Home Folks Back of Beyond

Paper: The End of the Trail

Paper: On the Trail of the Negro Migrant

Group of Songs: "He is King of Kings"

"Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"

"Lord, I Want to be a Christian"

Drama: Mrs. Macomb's Surprise Party

Material mentioned in program furnished by The Congregational Home Missionary Society, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

It Is Not Too Late!

THIS bit is writ that those who read may run—to one of the Summer Conferences held in July. This month offers a number of summer conference privileges which are not too late to share even now. Those who read THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY would be interested in the values to be had from the study groups and inspirational addresses, together with the fellowship of the following conferences.

The cost of attending any conference is a most reasonable vacation and the returns in recreation alone are inestimable. Expense ranges up to twenty-five dollars for board in some of the ten-day gatherings; some are enjoyed for less than half that amount.

Those churches which have one or more representatives at a Summer Conference are the churches that will conduct active missionary programs and services of worth because they will possess leaders and interest. The church that fails to send a delegation of young folks to their summer conference need not expect a live working group of young people next fall and winter.

There are conferences for everybody. The young people, particularly of high school age, are welcomed in the Congregational Young People's Conferences. There are thirty-two of these gatherings. Information regarding them may be secured from the Young People's Department, Congregational Education Society, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Conferences of the Council of Women for Home Missions are open to all women and girls of high school age or over. Special camps are conducted in connection with these Schools of Home Missions for the younger registrants, such as Camp Kayopha, Northfield.

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, July 6-13

Northfield, Massachusetts, July 6-13

Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, June 29-July 6

Mt. Hermon, California, July 4-11

The Missionary Education Movement Conferences are open to all over fifteen years of age, with courses ranging from the Servants of the King groups, through to specialized courses for pastors, secretaries and missionaries. Particulars may be secured through Secretary G. Q. LeSourd, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, relative to any of the following:

Blue Ridge, North Carolina, June 29-July 6

Ocean Park, Maine, July 1-10

Silver Bay, New York, July 3-13

Asilomar, California, July 8-18

Seabeck, Washington, July 24-August 3

Late in the season, so that no excuse for tardy knowledge of such things avails, there is the Home Missions Institute at Chautauqua Lake, Chautauqua, New York, August 15-21. Be sure to register at the Congregational House at Chautauqua.

THE FOUNDATION FOR EDUCATION

Redfield College, Redfield, South Dakota

THE Charter of Redfield College, issued by the Territory of South Dakota, bears the date of May 3, 1887. Two months later, July 4, the corner stone of the first building was laid. The college opened September 21 of the same year, in the Congregational church and in an adjoining building, and was moved into the college building on the day of prayer for colleges in January, 1888. The second building, the ladies' cottage, was completed in January, 1894. In January, 1896, the college building was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt and ready for occupancy in 1898.

In the early eighties a German Pro-Seminary was organized at Crete, Nebraska, for the purpose of preparing young men for entrance to the German Institute of the Chicago Theological Seminary. This school was moved to Wilton Junction, Iowa, and carried on its work under the name of Wilton German-English College. As most of its students came from Nebraska and the Dakotas, it was deemed ex-

pedient to relocate the institution more centrally. An examination of the field indicated that Redfield was an ideal location, and that by forming a union with Redfield College, that end would be accomplished, and, at the same time, the expense of maintaining the work of both institutions would be materially reduced. In 1904 the union was effected, and Wilton German-English College was moved to and united with Redfield College.

In 1916 the German Institute of Chicago Theological Seminary was taken over, and the present theological department is the outcome.

Redfield College is the only one of our institutions that is peculiarly the child of the German congregations. The German churches give loyal support to Redfield and are proud of the fact that the school is making improvement in educational standards and physical equipment. Friends of the institution are determined to make Redfield a high class Junior College and Theological School.



The Church and Its Affiliated Institutions

ESTABLISHED by the National Council to make available to the colleges the resources of the denomination in fellowship and money," is a statement concerning the Congregational Foundation for Education that has been repeated weekly in *The Congregationalist* for, lo, these many months. Yet denominational resources of "fellowship and money" have not swept in upon the colleges with sufficient volume to alarm any of the presidents or boards of trustees.

New movements are likely to gather strength slowly, and especially so when these movements are revivals of former endeavors. Therefore, the Foundation idea has been slow to "take" with Congregationalists. It was complained that a new society had "edged in" on apportionment receipts at a time when efforts were being made to reduce the number of our missionary agencies. Some,—yes, many,—churches and church members exercised their Congregational rights to revolt and withhold support. In most instances there was no quarrel with the institutions, but there was vigorous protest against added machinery with which to do the work of the denomination.

Meantime, the institutions were cut off from the Education Society and had no succor save through the Foundation. Had the Foundation been strangled as an unwelcome member of the Congregational family, an important element in the educational life of the church would have been slighted or altogether ignored. The church, also, would have drifted farther and

farther away from the schools of its planting. Although handicapped and embarrassed, the Foundation had no choice but to go forward, "making bricks without straw," in the hope that ultimately there would come understanding of the situation and a general disposition to help.

Progress has not been alarmingly swift, but progress there has been. Certainly the church and its institutions have been drawing together in spiritual union.

Sacrificial service on the part of the Foundation trustees has helped many a hardput institution to meet in a more satisfactory way its difficult situations. Weeks and months of patient study have been given to the more difficult educational problems of the church, with resulting benefit to all concerned. Quietly, and without blare of trumpets, the services have been so rendered as to improve the character of our institutions, to open the way for their larger support, to assist them in effecting economies in administration, and to inspire them with the necessity of being strongly and uncompromisingly Christian.

If society reorganization is effected, the Foundation idea must live on in some new form. The schools, strong and weak alike, deserve large support from church and church people. When once this is understood, the resources that four years ago were presumed to be at hand for support of our educational enterprise will come to the surface and bring to realization the dreams of the strong men who proposed that the Congregational Foundation for Education be established.

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